CANADA-WEST

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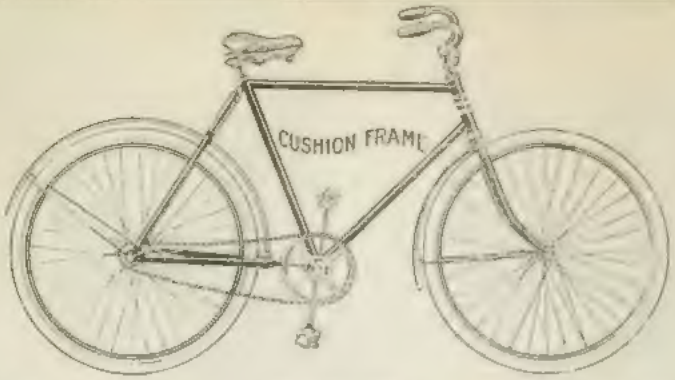

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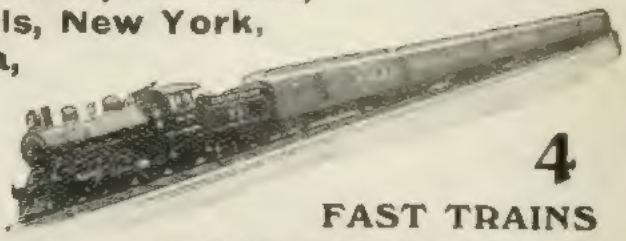

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CANADA-WEST for APRIL

NELLIE L. McCLUNG
Who writes on "The Poor Rich Farmer" for April Canada-West.

THE next number will contain Ernest Thompson Seton's great article, "The White Man's Last Opportunity"; Cy Warman's story "With the Locating Engineer"; the third installment of "The Homesteaders," by Jessie Beckton; other articles and fiction by well-known authors—among them: Gay Page, John V. Borne, Nellie L. McClung, Arthur Baldwin, Mary Livingston, F. W. Crandall, and Agnes Deans Cameron.

DON'T MISS THE APRIL NUMBER

10 cents the copy — SUBSCRIBE NOW — $1.00 the year

Walter E. Gunn Company, Walker Theatre Building, Winnipeg

DRAWN BY V. DAVIES

Lifting her in my arms I carried her steadily, but with beating heart

In the Ruins—see page 427

CANADA-WEST

A MAGAZINE of the SUNSET PROVINCES

VOLUME III.
NUMBER 5.

In the Ruins

By Cy Warman

Author of "Stories of the Railroad," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRISON FISHER AND VA-TIER BARNES

I COULD answer you easily enough if I were willing to deceive you, but you're too good a friend. I might, to another, say I came to Canada for canvas-back and Canadian Rye, since you seem to anticipate my taste and thirst, but the whole thing is too serious for jest. To a mercenary man I might attribute my coming to the call of the Last West—that I am here to assist in the construction of the new "Transcontinental," the Grand Trunk Pacific—or, to flatter our host, that I prefer the Royal Alexandra to the Saint Francis—No! No! Champagne is only a misdemeanor, but that bearded stuff you call Scotch is a crime. Some rye whisky and plain water for me.

And yet, if I were to attempt to tell you the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, the lights in these brackets would be blurred and dimmed by the morning sun before the tale was told. I see you are interested. I had forgotten that you had turned story-teller and were now devoting your time and talent to the Hoosier pastime of marketing your imagination. However, I fancy you would have some trouble selling my story. It's too tragic, too *triste* and leaves so much behind:

"Fragments of song that nobody sings,
Broken vows and pieces of rings,
Trinkets and tresses of hair—"

O! God of Love! How many times

have I recalled that sweep of Taylor's, then, taking new courage I have gone about my day's work, only to return to the ruins of life and finish the stanza:

"Brows of beauty and bosoms of snow,
Heaps of dust, but we loved them so,
And the garments she used to wear."

Well, old friend, since you insist I will—just a drop, you know; tho' I break the rule of a life time when I mix my drinks. The fact is (Jove, that's rare port) you lift the curtain that cuts off the past when you ask me why I came to Canada. As I have not the heart to deceive you I'll tell my story to you. Let me have a light first, please—thanks.

One never-to-be-forgotten morning, as I swung into Golden Gate Park, just as I had done each morning for months, I saw the fleeing figure of a woman as she dashed down one of the winding roadways. Somehow, her veil, blown back, seemed to beckon me, but as I knew neither the horse nor the rider, I took another trail, saying to my perfectly satisfied self, "heart-whole, and at my age a man may almost count himself immune."

And so, with the wind of the ocean blowing by, and the hoofs of my hunter beating Ocean Boulevard, I tossed my happy face to the morning and rejoiced that I was free and large and strong and able physically, financially and intellectually to enjoy life as one should; to escape from the roar of the City and catch at least a fleeting glimpse of God's good world.

Presently I drew rein and stood watching the white gulls winging their way to sea in the wake of an ocean steamer. Up from the shore came the low, soft sob of the sea, and all about were singing birds. Never, in all my life, had life seemed so sweet, the world so fair, the sea, the sky, the sound of the sea and the singing birds, in short, the *ensemble* was a sort of soul-symphony and I was glad.

From this sweet spell I was rudely awakened by the honk of a horn. Like most men who love a horse, I had resented the intrusion of the ill-smelling motor, and now I felt a real biting, bitter hatred for the thing. However, the sound of hurrying hoof-beats on the boulevard drew my attention, and the next moment I saw the fair figure which had attracted me as I entered the park, coming towards me as if winged by the winds. I had left the boulevard a few yards and was screened from her view by a low spreading cedar, but as she passed, my own spirited steed whirled to face the road. Her horse, already frightened by the motor, shied at mine, and by the quick effort to retain her seat she threw her weight upon the stirrup so suddenly that the strap broke and the rider of the runaway was thrown violently to the ground.

Tossing the rein over the head of my hunter, I leaped to her side. I lifted her, helpless and limp, in my arms and bore her away while the honking motor brushed by without even slacking speed. To all appearances she was dead. I tore at her collar and loosened things at her white throat. A park officer hurried to my aid with water he had brought in a tiny drinking cup. He emptied it onto her handkerchief which I held in my hand. I bathed her face, then bending held my ear to heart and heard it beat. Never before had I given thanks with all my selfish soul in the way I thanked God for that faint heart-beat.

Presently, pillowed upon my lap, her beautiful head resting in the hollow of my arm, she opened her angelic eyes and gave to me, a typical man of the world, my first, last and only glimpse of heaven. She looked at me steadily at first and sternly, shaming me and causing me to shift and hold her less caressingly in my arms. The park officers had taken my horse and hurried away to call the ambulance. She was first to speak:

"Lift me to my feet, please," she said, and her voice was a million times more musically sweet than the soul-symphony nature sang.

I obeyed, but when she put weight on her feet she gave a little frightened cry and I gathered her to my breast, and eased her down again.

Don't think—(There, you and your

port are revealing old scars to-night)—don't think I am over sentimental, but that was the one real moment of my life—the moment I held her so. I lifted her hands, one after the other, and saw that her arms were unhurt. The toes of her boots peeped from below her riding skirt, and when, at my request, she moved her feet I gave new thanks that at least her limbs were not broken.

When the wagon came I found myself prepared to hate the surgeon and his men who would lift her and carry her away. As if she read my thoughts, she put her hand gently upon my shoulder and said, "You lift me, please," and I, never prouder of my great physical strength, raised her in my arms and deposited her gently in the ambulance. "Thanks," she whispered.

In answer to the officer's question she gave her name, "Mrs. Santone," and her house number. The fact that she was "Mistress" anybody only served to increase my confusion. When the ambulance drove away I mounted and followed. When the ambulance stopped I was at her side. She seemed not at all surprised, and as I bore her up the steps and into her own room she murmured "How good of you to come along."

I made no answer. My sluggish British blood had at last been stirred and was now boiling. Here at last was the "one woman." Twice she had lain against my breast, quivering and trembling like a wounded bird. Her dazzling beauty, her breath upon my face, her soft hand prisoned in mine, had bewildered me, but the cruel fact that she was the wife of a man with a musical Italian name, had left me stunned and dazed. As I put my card upon a table near her she reached for it, read my name, and showed the first smile I had ever seen upon that fair face. "Ah yes, yes. Now I know, you live at the St. Francis, but I never knew your name—Thank you, *so* much, more than I can tell you—now," and then, placing my card under her pillow, she turned her face from me, for she was in great physical pain.

I dined alone that night. Not because I had no friends, but because I preferred my own company. The food was tasteless, the wine was flat. Alone in my apartments I bit into a big cigar that seemed determined not to help me. I picked up a book and opened it as if the place had been marked for me. The words went deep and indelibly down in my memory as I read:

"O, bitterness of things too sweet,
O, broken singing of the dove!
Love's wings are over fleet,
And like the panther's feet
The feet of love."

I rose and walked to the window and looked out upon the lights of old Frisco that was, but is not now and never will be again. 'Frisco, wayward, wicked, experts say; and yet with all her faults the fairest, the most fascinating city I ever knew.

There was a gentle rap at my door, and as I turned from the window a neatly uniformed bell boy was bowing himself in and offering me a letter which lay upon a silver tray.

Thinking only and always of her I felt a strange warmth tingling through my already fevered veins as I touched the envelope and asked the boy to wait. The note read:

"Dear Mr. Wilmott: Mrs. Santone asked me to call and say that she is much improved, and to convey to you her thanks for your kindness.

As you will have noticed, she has carefully kept your name from the reporters. And may I thank you also, and assure you that your friend and my patient will soon be abroad again.

Dr. Longwood."

That helped, some. Now I picked up an evening paper and saw a poor picture of the fairest face in Frisco, above it the scare heads, and below the story of the runaway at Golden Gate Park, of the accident to the beautiful Mrs. Santone, of the mysterious stranger—very tall and extremely handsome. I have my share of vanity, perhaps, but any reference to my physical charms was, for the moment, beside the mark. I read on and learned that Mrs. Santone was a great social favorite, but had, until quite

recently, been in mourning for her late —Don't smile, man. I know what you are thinking, but I am not guilty of that.

And yet, if you were shipwrecked, would you not, even as your fellows sank, feel thankful for the line that towed you through the surf in safety to the shore?

Within a fortnight we met again almost on the spot where she had fallen. In fact, I found her there, looking the ground over for the first time since that eventful day. Yes, if it satisfies your craving curiosity, I had gone to that spot for the same purpose. She was, if anything, more charming than ever. We rode away together. After that we rode daily, except Sunday, when I rode alone. We lunched together at the Cliff and watched the oily looking lions lolling in the surf and sunning themselves on Seal rock. Having plenty of time, we wasted never a moment when we could, with decorum, find each other. The days and weeks and months went by like playhouse scenes in childhood. We forgot that life held such things as hurts and heartaches. I bought new books which we took to the seaside for her to read to me, but they lay in her lap with leaves uncut while we watched the sea gulls soar and the ships go by. Life, for us, was like a pretty play, and we didn't want to go home.

The Summer waned, the Summer flowers faded and died, but life was good to us, and the hazy, dreamy days of Autumn indescribably sweet. When, finally, she went South I had to wrestle with myself to remain behind, but I did, filling in the months with a trip to Honolulu.

When she came back, early in April, with the first faint hint of Summer and singing birds, I was there to meet her. She had not changed. We had known each other nearly a year now, and I could wait no longer. I must know her answer. It was all I had hoped for, save that she imposed one condition— I must not question her going and coming. She had a good and perfectly proper reason for keeping one secret from me. When I hesitated she put her hands upon my shoulders, lifted her sweet face and said: "My dear, if you can't trust me, wholly and absolutely, then I shan't marry you."

Now could you get by that? No. Well, I agreed, but when, a week later, I rang her bell and the maid said her mistress was away, I felt hurt. It seemed to me she might have told me when, if not where she was going; but she was gone.

It is hardly necessary, having confessed so much, for me to (What! You are not going? O, I beg your pardon— God save the King! Certainly I'll stand up) I say it is hardly necessary for me to assure you that I spent a fretful, feverish night between that dusk and the following dawn. I called again at Mrs. Santone's that day, and on the following day rang her phone. The same answer. On the fourth day I went to the house. The maid was nervous and I noticed that she had ink stains on her fingers. I insisted upon leaving a note for her mistress and she let me into the library. I scribbled a line and was about to blot the envelope when I noticed upon the narrow blotter "Seaside Inn." That much I could make out upside down, but I pocketed this blotter and carried it away with me, using a fresh one for my own letter. Holding the blotter between me and the electric light I was able to read,

"Senorita Monistario,
Seaside Inn
Santa Cruz,
California."

Burning with jealousy I instantly determined to take the first train South and know the worst. Not until I was mounting the steps of the inn at nine that night did it dawn upon me that this Spanish housemaid might possibly know another maid and that other maid might quite reasonably be employed at the Seaside. When I had written my name in the book of names I strolled out on a side veranda, found a cigar and a seat and sat down to smoke and think. The tide was

tumbling in from the misnamed Pacific, slamming up against the shore sobbing, sighing and then slipped back to be engulfed again. From a vine-clad Summer shelter came the low laughter of soft-voiced Senoritas' "Ah, *Dulce Mio*!" said a masculine voice, "Sing for us."

Then up through the summer-scented gloaming came the nerve-soothing notes of a guitar, and "*Dulce Mio*" sang:

THE SONG OF A SERENADE.

One night beneath my window, when
the stars were bright above
The music of a mandolin, blent with a
lay of love,
Came stealing through the stillness,
like the balmy breath of Spring,
I opened wide my window and I
heard a singer sing:
'Cupid is an Archer and his arrow's
ever set,
And swift and sure the arrow flies as
from a falconette:
His bow is ever trusty and his aim is
ever true,
Be wary of the Archer when his
arrow's aimed at you.'

By now the moon had mounted so that it shone down through the trees. The rioters in the shelter scattered and, strolling two by two, went down where the sorrowing sea had lain its white face on the sand and sobbed itself to sleep.

I had almost persuaded myself that I was utterly in the wrong, that this Senorita Monistario had nothing to do with the case, when slowly, as lovers are wont to walk, a man and a woman emerged from the shadows and stood for a moment at the foot of the steps that led from the graveled walk to the veranda.

My first impulse was to quit my place, but as the thick vine screened me perfectly, I thought it better to sit tight until they passed. The moonlight fell upon the man's face—a firm, clear-cut face, partly shaded, however, by a broad-brimmed Stetson. It was a strong face, one that you would remember. He was so out of the ordinary, so tall and straight and handsome that I had scarcely taken my eyes from him until she drew him into the shadow and said something soft and low and kissed him good night, or he kissed her, or both.

"Adios," said he, and hurried away up the path that led toward the town. When she had mounted to the second step she turned to look after him. The moon was full upon her and I saw that she had a graceful pose. She lifted a jeweled hand and unwound the soft, creamy something that swathed her head. The moon was full upon her face. I gripped the railing beside me and shook, chilled to the very marrow of my bones.

Dazed and dumb I watched her walk across the floor and enter the hotel. I rang for brandy and soda, saying to my brave British heart "be still." I called upon my sluggish British blood to cool down, reaching for my cigar case.

All of which helped, a little, but four-flush as we will, a cigar is only a smoke—a woman's a woman.

I had lost out.

Presently, as I smelled my moustache scorching under my nose, two men came down the path by which my rival had left and stopped almost at my elbow. It was the handsome man—I knew him by the outline of his figure, his lofty bearing, and his broad-brimmed hat.

"I must see her" he was saying to the man who was hanging on his arm.

"You mus' not," the man hissed in broken English. "They are hot upon your trail. They know you are here and are guarding every pass on the border. They are leaving 'Frisco at eleven o'clock—go up to town by the midnight train, pass them on the way. Wear your clothes and your sombrero with the rattlesnake band. I will take your horse and ride south, showing myself, so that they can follow. The day after to-morrow you can take the steamer for Honolulu while I lead the man-catchers to the *terre caliente*."

The tall man was silent. "I will tell her all," the other urged. "Remember, Senor, it is for her you go."

The two men turned and disappeared. I entered the house, paid my

bill made some excuse for my hasty departure and followed.

Upon my arrival at 'Frisco I saw the dark man leave the train and enter a closed cab. I stumbled to my hotel. Then and there I took pen and paper and wrote:

"Dear Friend:" no, she was not my friend. She was more—or less. That was too warm, too soft.

"Dear Friend:" how glacial that would have sounded yesterday? Yesterday! O, how many years since yesterday!!! Can you—(is that a fresh bottle?—O, I'm not complaining—what's a few bottles more or less between friends?) Can you imagine me railing at God to give me back my yesterday, then bowing my head and sobbing out my soul until the unwritten letter was baptised in tears?

Heaven help the self satisfied man who approaches forty without having tasted either a great joy or a great sorrow—without having loved.

Presently I grew calm—the storm subsided—and I wrote: "Dear Friend:—I am changed—the world is changed. You, who were the light of my life, have passed out. I sit alone in utter anguish, in deepest darkness, waiting a day that will not dawn. I do not love you. That is all. Don't ask me why; but if ever you should read the date of my demise, chiseled upon my tomb, deny it, for I die to-day—this day, April 17th, 1906.

Wilmott."

Having burned the bridge I set about heroically to try to adjust myself to the new order of things.

Naturally, being a Britisher, the first thing I prescribed for myself was a bath. After that I went to bed, but despite the fact that I had not slept for ages, I could not sleep. I arose, dressed, and went through the ceremony of breakfasting, ordered my horse and rode at a mad gallop for the park. Do you know that the nod of a friend jarred upon me that day, and a woman's smile was almost a sacrilege? I could not understand how anyone could smile. The once beautiful park lay moist and melancholy under a gray fog that obscured the sun. Not a bird sang. Even the sea seemed to have hushed itself to sleep. My greatest consolation, the only one in fact, was that my sorrow had rather softened me. There was no bitter hatred in my heart for anything.

"I shunned the worm upon my walk
And left the white rose on its stalk."

I rode the best part of the day trying to tire myself out. How or when or where I dined I scarcely remember, though I am sure I drank very little. My sorrow was not the sort that can be drowned. Moreover, I had my life to live—one owes that to his Creator—to himself. I am not a quitter.

I recalled distinctly that I went to my window, as usual, to say "Good night" to 'Frisco–dear old 'Frisco that was, but is not now and never will be again. Somewhere, in a tall tower, a deep-voiced bell was beating out the hour of midnight. I remember now that I laughed and shuddered at the sound of my own voice and asked the clock: "What's the odds?"

Presently I laughed again and then, with a strange drumming in my ears, I fell asleep.

Once or twice I awoke in fevered and distressing dreams. At length I awoke again and felt the room swaying. A collection of Japanese armour which hung upon the wall, broke away and crashed to the floor.

I leaped from my bed, clapped my hands to my ears to shut out a million moans and groans and shrieks of anguish. I tried hard to think but my bewildered brain would not work. By now the floor of my bedroom was heaving and falling like the deck of a ship on a troubled sea. The whole building swayed as if it were falling, and just as I was beginning to wonder how long I would have to endure the agonizing suspense—whether I would lapse from being before I finished this two-hundred-foot fall, or live to be crushed like a fly, the building rested and swung the other way. For fully a minute this great structure, rooted in thirty feet of cement, swung and swayed Once, while I was trying to step into my clothes, I was thrown across the room and smashed a window. I

thrust my head through the broken pane and realized for the first time that I was witnessing a catastrophe, the like of which the world had never known. The air had a smoky taste and a sulphuric smell which smacked of hell. It seemed to me that the prophecy of the pessimist had been fulfilled and that the wrath of God had come down to smite this Sodom by the Sea. Bells were tolling in the tottering towers as the crazed earth shook out the knell of the doomed city. The first thing I heard distinctly was the wild, hoarse unearthly scream of a horse, maddened by the awfulness of it all. The house rose, lurched sidewise, then fell back with a jar. The whole cosmos was in convulsions. I looked out again. The air was filled with smoke and dust, and up to my window, two-hundred feet from the belching earth, came the wail of a woman, the cry of a child followed by the heart rending howl of a dog. Strangely enough, until that woman screamed I had not thought of her of yesterday. But at the first faint thought of her, the past four days were blotted out. Half dressed and hatless, I leaped from the swaying stair. How I reached the street without a broken bone, I do not know. The first man I met was doubled up laughing idiotically.

"What has happened?" I called.

"Happened?" he repeated straightening up, "why hell has the hiccoughs and can't stop," and I left him laughing.

Despite the mystifying confusion, I found her home, or rather the ruins of what had been her home. Groping my way through the gray dust that delayed the dawn, I stumbled up the steps. At the door a man, bare headed and bleeding, blocked my way.

"Let me pass" I demanded.

"Back" he called, and without another word I grasped him and hurled him to one side. He landed against a window with such force that he crashed through and fell to the ground. Falling upon my knees I began burrowing at a heap of wreckage at a point where I fancied the floor of her sleeping room had fallen. I dug and tore at the debris until my nails were splintered, torn and bleeding. It seemed the same invisible hand that had led me down the drunken street was still directing me. Wrenching free a broken bit of studding to which the lath and plaster still clung, I found her. Manifestly she had not been abed. She was dressed in a travelling dress just as she had come from the Sea-Side Inn and in her dead hand she held my last letter.

The next few moments are indescribable.

"Wilmott" said a voice which I heard indistinctly "Wilmott," and I turned and faced the man who had guarded her door the same dark, handsome man whose face had hovered one maddening moment above hers in the shadow of the vines.

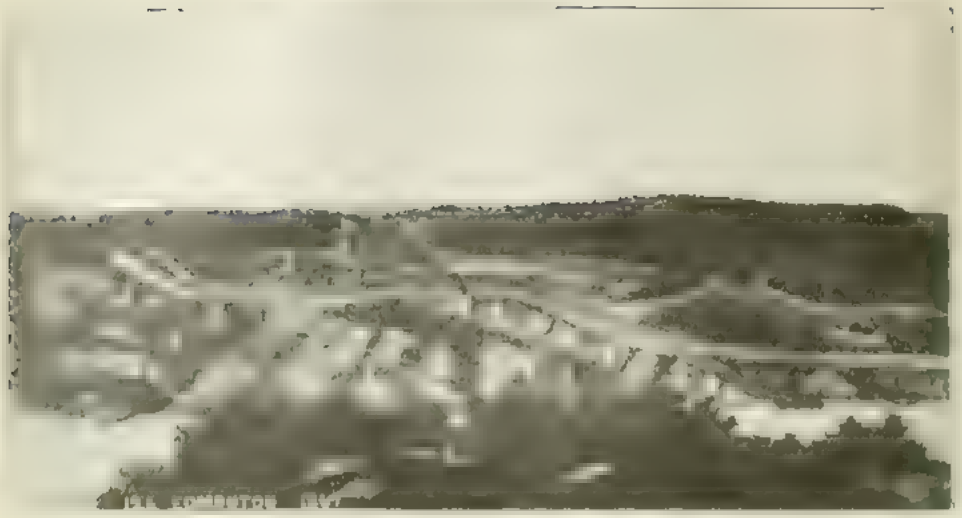
I got to my feet and bowed to the stranger. "Wilmott," he repeated for the third time: "You are wrong—you were wrong. I am her brother.

As he spoke he stooped and lifted my cruel letter which lay in the hollow of her hand.

A few moments, hours, or ages after this, when my dethroned reason returned I found myself holding her in my arms, just as I had held her upon that sweet day, centuries ago in Golden Gate Park, rocking to and fro and saying to the dark man bending above me: "I'd rather have her so than not have her at all."

It seems a strange and selfish thing to say, but I heard myself say that. Then, looking back on pain from which I shrank,

To stony ways I walked with bleeding feet
So bitter now the cup that what I drank but yesterday
Would now seem sweet.



Where Grow Milady's Furs

By Agnes Deans Cameron

Canadian Women's Press Club

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hence with

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me of retired
the haunt

n tourists
Pacific
of the

north and is the wor
fur centre.

its feet run down into the blue waters

Victoria is known as the city of

you can watch the little craft of the
ling fleet set out from their
moorings for their long cruise to the
Arctic and at the season's end return
their way among lines of
sh the world's four corners
to unship the precious packages of

the shores of the Pacific, the most
beautiful city in the Empire

skins gathered up by ... ring Straits, "where the grav sea ... nakedly between the weed-h... and the little blue fox is bred for his skin and ... order that you may be warm as you ... he cramps ... months ... and people who tear round in autos and live in tents because the carpenters can't build their houses fast enough ... attention of the city-fathers,—out from the back-door slips the alert figure of the trapper as of yore

... what stuffy quarters ... ily "sealy" smell ... ne with me up the Saskatche- ... Edmonton, the old ... House" of Hudson's Bay Co ... This is the most unique city on the map of America to-day, the acme of Topsy-Turveydom. With the coming of the railway, Edmonton ...

This is the man who matches his wits for nine long months ... thief of th... the wolverine, to bring you your beaver muff your marten stole, and ermine trimmin...

Here Antoine steps out from the ... of steel tightens his pack, calls to the dogs and with a friendly look to th...

first party-dress and in the days when a new nation was going through birth-throes on the seaboard of the Atlantic

Let me introduce you to Antoine Mamousette, he is good to look at. Tall, lithe arrow-straight, the blood of six nations flushes that tanned cheek, lends brightness to that eye. If the priest should make for us a family-tree of this true son of the church, we would trace the blending Cree and Crow and Canadian-French, Ojibway squaw and Scot from the Tweed side It is a mixture that make for hardiness and the sifter bred from loneliness

Antoine is the type of a race whose lineage harks back in honorable line to the very beginnings of things. The trapper is of the earth's first families. Furs caused the subjugation of Siberia when the fifteenth century was yet an infant: and skins were legal tender when cashier's checks were unheard of and clearing-house certificates but a chimera of the imagination

The Japanese and Chinese used furs 2500 years ago and Herodotus tells of their use by other ancient people The Romans prized furs during the latter days of the Empire, and the luxurious Saracens made much display of them. The Crusaders brought furs into general favor in Europe, and throughout the veering changes of fickle fashion this one custom of coveting the soft pelts of the fur-bearers has never changed among the rich and the would-be rich of Europe's wealth capitals

A BEAR CUB IN THE FAR NORTH COUNTRY

How interdependent we all are! And what momentous things get their pivotal turn from what is seemingly vapid and trifling! If milady's interest in sables and mink and ermine had ceased, if it had but flagged for a season, the exploiting of the whole top slice of the map of North America would have been delayed for half a century, perhaps for a far longer period.

And as with the eastern coast and the interior, so with the whole Pacific foreshore and its rich hinterland. It is true that the will-o'-the-wisp, the light-o'-dreams that men wooed under the name of the mystic "Anian Strait" took Cook and Vancouver and Fiery Jack and Don Perez and the rest of the Spanish navigators into Pacific waterways, but it was the glimpse which Behring caught of seal and sea-lions and sables on the rocky shores of the Pribyloffs that made commerce the hand-maid of adventure.

The fur-trade, then, was Canada's first and, for many years her only industry. The lumberman followed and the cattleman; close on the heels of these came the miner and the unclassified adventurer. Scraping the surface of the earth, measuring the height of 300-feet Douglas firs, literally stepping across streams channel-choked with fish, and guessing mines of coal and gold and gypsum, nickel and silver and the richest native copper, it one day occurred to an experimental soul to try a crop of wheat on the prairies, those prairies sacred from all time to the horse-raiser and the cattle-man.

Tradition and science and capital and "vested interests" and the rest of the boog-a-boos called it high treason and foolish folly, but the man who experimented cut a harvest of forty-bushels to the acre and once more in the topsy-turvy history of humanity foolish folly won out.

Then with one accord came the man with the transit and the faith-endowed men who build railways into fastnesses. Following close along to the end of steel and penetrating beyond it, we see the pioneer with his wife and babies, encumbered with but little of the gear of this material world but having in his eye the smouldering fire of the man who sees visions and dreams. With the building of the railroad and the throwing open of free lands, comes the flood, that great army of wheat-growers, who, speaking sixty languages, think only one, the language of freedom and home-making and self-respecting independence in a new land.

But while a new nation is being born upon the wheat-plains, up north in that white world that fringes the Arctic and drops down to the northern limit of grain has the trade in furs died out? No: it has been steadily and surely growing and appreciating in value. Year after year Pierre and his relatives on both sides of the house (French and Scottish and English where his European ancestry harks back, and Cree and Crow and Athabascan on the spindle-side,) have gone out with the falling of the leaf in autumn and returned with the green leaves and the running of the sap in the spring, laden with the spoils of trap and gun.

Half the year has the trapper withdrawn himself from the forts of the Fur Company, those centres which spell Paris and New York and the gaieties of the fashionable watering-place for him. It is a trade that means loneliness with much time to think things over and have arguments with yourself. If you are of a social or of a controversial nature, don't try to qualify as a trapper of furs.

What kinds of skins are sought by these silent track-followers in sub-Arctic wilds? The chief Canadian furs of commerce to-day are beaver, musk-rat, hare and squirrel; the mink, badger and skunk; the northern and the southern lynx; five distinct kinds of bears; foxes of as many varieties from the common red to the $1000 silver-grey that every trapper dreams of when the wind from the north is in his teeth; the grey wolf and the timber wolf, and most valuable of all musk-ox, seals, sea-otters and so-called Russian sables.

Canadian collectors forward their furs to the seaboard consigned to the world's fur-centre, the great concentrating and distributing point.

London. Thither trends not only the peltry-produce of Asia and Europe, but also the fine furs of Chili and Peru, the fur-seal of South Shetland, Buenos-Ayres nutria, and the inferior skins of Africa. The world's furs meet in the market on the Thames, but of them all, those that come from the north latitudes of "Our Lady of the Sunshine" are easily the best and most sought for.

The climate that produces hard wheat and hardier manhood, gives also the perfection of fur. There is nothing to match the full pelage, the exquisitely soft and fulvous tones of the choicest skins in that pack which Antoine Mabousette slips off his shoulders with a sigh of relief in the trading-room of the Hudson's Bay Company at Dunvegan on the Peace

The Railway that Didn't

First Paper

By John V. Borne

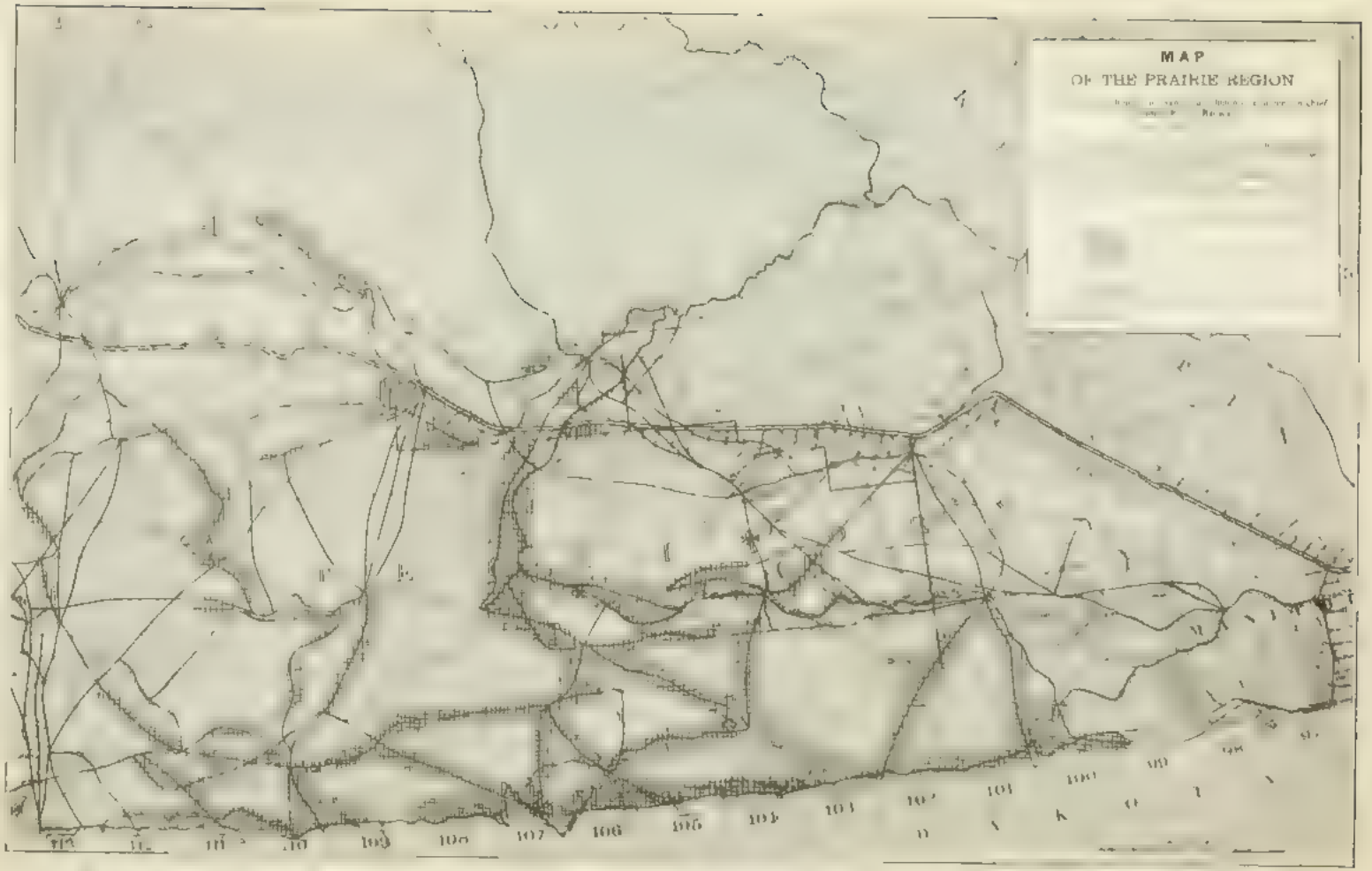
ILLUSTRATED WITH MAP

THE newest country is always the nearest to antiquity. It is like the pedigree of the par- [illegible]—its lineage is lost in the mists of antiquity, only the mists begin very recently. In a way, it is easy to take prehistoric peeps into Western Canada; and when you find a man, still in the prime of life, who was in at the beginning of Western Canadian history, you become doubly interested in the things that have become venerable before they have become grey.

I am only thirty-six; but, when I compare the present West with what it was when I first knew it, I almost feel old—and I I was not here in the real early days. There was only one railroad between the forty-ninth Parallel and the Arctic Circle; when Prince Albert, which is now calling for all kinds of manufacturing plants, could only be reached by a two hundred-and-fifty mile drive across the prairie; and when Edmonton seemed so remote as to be almost mythical. Louis Riel was awaiting trial after his concluding rebellion; and many who brought nothing into this Western world were still wondering whether they would ever carry anything out. It was possible to find buffalo skulls from which all the skin had not departed; and, even along the transcontinental railway, you had a sense of weird remoteness from every kind of social life. The country was without form, and void. But it was good to be there.

I would not exchange my experience of those times for anything; except for [illegible] experience in the [illegible] when there was not a locomotive within a thousand miles of the empty places that have now become opulent cities. Whenever I can, I dip into the records of pre-railway days with much the same relish with which, at school, I was wont to devour stories by Fenimore Cooper, and his literary kindred. And perhaps I could perform nothing more interesting for those who, although they are making the country, have little access to what may be called the ancient literature of the plains, than to resurrect for them some of the beginnings of the present epoch.

Passing by, for the present, that rare splendor of romance, adventure and tragedy which is concealed in the archives of "The Honorable Company of Adventurers Trading into Hudson's Bay," I shall review a book which has probably never been referred to in any modern magazine—the report, to the Minister of Public Works, at Ottawa,


MAP
OF THE PRAIRIE REGION

by Sanford Fleming, C. M. G., who [illegible] was then Engineer-in-chief of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which was then struggling through a sickly infancy, under the direct tutelage of a somewhat bewildered Administration.

Some day there will be appointed a real live editor of Government documents—a man who can reconstruct the past, and make it move across the modern stage with all the vim and intellect of its own time, rather than a confirmed antiquary, and second undertaker for the things that have been, and are not. The report of Mr. Fleming—he is Sir Sanford now; a hale veteran, as keen a worker for an imperial telegraphic intelligence service, reaching to all corners of the King's dominions, as he was for the Canadian Pacific—is a fit subject for the Able Editor, when he arrives. It discusses the situation of the great project in nineteen pages, it has four appendices running to one hundred and twenty pages.

For the present purpose, the interest of the document is in its postscript—which is often the case with postscripts—and the first part, describing the physical character of the prairie region; and the last.—a map of the same territory—are the vitally interesting sections for this writing. The other appendices deal with particulars of contracts for work then in hand, from which one might, at some other time, abstract a great deal of irritating information for those builders of railways to whom the low prices of material thirty years ago will suggest that the Fleming report is ancient history indeed.

Lord Salisbury used to advise public servants to study large maps. He was a wise man. I am sorry that I am able to display only a very small reproduction of the map, dated April 5th, 1879, which was then the most up-to-date representation of the geography of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. You examine it with mingled admiration and amusement—admiration, because of the true pioneer work it represents, and amusement, because, in an important respect, it reflects the limitations of those to whom perforce, fell the task of spying out the country from a point of view other than that of the hunter or Indian trader. By a strange conjunction of circumstances, this map reminds me of conversations over-heard in mid-Atlantic, during my boyhood, wherein patriotic Ontario men earnestly advised innocent travellers not to go to the West, because the country was no country at all.

The explorers of the seventies looked at the prairie region through Eastern spectacles. They had been accustomed to the woodlands of the St. Lawrence Basin. Their idea of the new country's possibilities was conditioned by the extent to which its physical features approximated to those with which they were familiar. Every sentence in their reports that indicates admiration for the prairie soil is, so far, only an admission that, after all, there might be another country than Ontario and that, even where trees did not abound, cultivation might flourish

The proof of this is in the classification of soils. West of the 100th meridian of longitude, in south-western Manitoba, the checkered indicator tells you that the soil is "pasture land of questionable value; not sterile." If you look at the latest map of that district, you will find it a perfect network of railways, placed there because this "pasture land of questionable value" (of which the most that can be said is that it is "not sterile"), has for many years produced enormous crops of wheat. It follows, therefore that the land they described as "soil of rich quality, and pasture land more or less fertile" must be remarkably productive. Whatever else these conscientious explorers may have done in their camps, or around the convivial board, they did not see the prospects of the country through the roseate hues of early dawn Their moderation remains a distinctive feature of their everlasting monument. Where they say the country is good, it must, indeed, be very, very good They only knew in part; and they prophesied in part

We know, and, accordingly make known.

The map of 1879 was the foreshadowing of a Canadian Pacific that was never to be. My friend, Mr. James Tyrrell, who has an enviable record as an explorer, north and northeast of the Wheaten West, tells me that around Lake Manitoba and Lake Winnipegosis, he found the stakes and some of the telegraphic apparatus of the engineers, who worked on the location of the main transcontinental line across the narrows of Lake Manitoba; and, close by the shores of Lake Winnipegosis to the Swan River. The scheme to build a railway across the spacious plains was vehemently opposed by statesmen of that time who honestly believed that a decent revenue would never be earned in the far country. They said, indeed, that its achievements would be enshrined in unpaid bills for axle grease. And so, in that day of doubting Thomases, who were skilled vote catchers, it was regarded as essential to run the railway through the part of the country which offered the best prospect of continued, profitable crops; and the line was surveyed and the stations named as we see them on a neighboring page.

It seems strange to present-day eyes to see the main transcontinental line crossing Lake Manitoba and skirting Lake Winnipegosis. That route was in direct line with the railway as it was built to Selkirk, the intention being to leave Winnipeg on a branch line into the United States. For twenty-five years, the Selkirk angle was turned by every train; and the building of the railway in that peculiar shape is one of the many evidences that the change to the more southerly route was decided upon comparatively late in the day; and to meet some consideration rather than that of immediately opening up the most fertile country. The explanation is, of course, that as the railway was projected as an Imperial asset—a mighty link in the chain of British intercommunication and defence—it was virtually necessary to prevent a large portion of Western Canada being made tributary to United States railways that would surely invade it from the south, when once the problem in axle-grease was happily solved.

The railway was to go straight northwest from Selkirk, and cross Lake Manitoba so as to reach the most fertile country, after the rich Red River Valley had been tapped, and its future progress assured. The road was to make straight for the Swan River Valley, turn southwestward, and then, just beyond the Manitoba-Saskatchewan frontier, was to take an almost directly westward course, so as to strike the north branch of the Saskatchewan at the Elbow, a little south of where the Canadian Northern crossing of the mighty river now is. There was reason for reaching the Swan River Valley.

Mr. G. C. Cunningham, reported in 1877.—Its extent is about sixty miles in length, by about twenty miles in width; the soil is remarkably rich and productive. Throughout, it consists of large plains clothed with tall succulent grass, alternating with strips and admirably adapted for building purposes. Near Swan Lake, may be seen spruce, tamarac, oak, elm, maple, birch and poplar, each species being represented by trees of very considerable growth.

Mr. Dawson, of the Geological Survey, had earlier written about the locality:—There the Swan River winds about in a fine valley, the banks of which rise to the height of eighty or a hundred feet. Beyond these, an apparently unbroken level extends to one side for a distance of about fifteen or twenty miles to the Porcupine Hills, and for an equal distance on the other, to a high table land called the Duck Mountain. From this, southward to Thunder Mountain, the country is the finest I have ever seen in a state of nature.

It was twenty years before the Swan River Valley received transportation facilities. When the Canadian Northern was built into it, a part of the old route was utilized, especially along the gravel beaches, which will, for all time, prove that, at one period, the northern

lakes were very much larger than they are now. But the Swan River Valley is not so much better than the rest of the country between it and the South Saskatchewan. Here, for instance, is what Sir Sandford Fleming himself wrote in 1871:—

Looking back over the thousand miles of prairie country travelled since leaving the wooded district east of Manitoba, it is worthy of note that absolutely level plains formed no great proportion of the vast area which came under our observation. We were agreeably surprised to find that by far the larger proportion was undulating and, in this respect, not unlike much of the Province of Ontario, while eminences of considerable elevation, not greatly inferior to the mountain at Montreal, were occasionally met with. In many places, small groves and fringes of trees adorned the prairie and gave the landscape an agreeable, park-like appearance.

Frank Moberly, who was in charge of an expedition in 1872, said of the country between Fort Pelly and the Swan River Valley itself, that it was found nearly level, thickly wooded, and with soil, admirably fitted for farming.

There is valuable testimony as to the character of the country that is bounded on the north by the great Saskatchewan; on the west by the South Saskatchewan; and on the south by a line drawn from east to west through Big Quill Lake, through which the Canadian Pacific was intended to run, alongside the same Government telegraph poles you see from Canadian Northern trains nearly all the way from Humbolt to Clarksborough. Mr. A. L. Russell, in his report of the Surveyor-General of Dominion Lands, 1877, wrote:—"During the six years I have spent in surveys in various parts of Manitoba and the Northwest, I have never seen greater luxuries of growth than that here, nor do I consider the soil of that Province, which is frequently a stiff clay, as inviting to the farmer as is the more friable soil of this [illegible]."

Mr. Russell came south from Prince Albert for ninety miles, the first twenty of which were through an excellent farming country which continued good as far as Garripey's crossing of the Saskatchewan where are several settlers who speak favorably of their claims, thence southwest for the next ten miles to the Hill "Minitchinasse," the road passing through the belt of timber skirting the river.

Of the land nearer Prince Albert, here are three extracts from the Hind report, already quoted:—"The valley of Long Creek offers by far the most attractive features for settlement, of any part of the country through which we have passed since leaving Prairie Portage. * * * Birch Hills to Lumpy Hill.—Followed through broad valley, rich in alluvial meadows, ponds and lakes, with hills on southeastern side gently sloping towards it and covered with the dead trunks of burnt aspens. The soil is similar to that of Long Creek. Passed near source of Carrot or Root River, which rises within twelve miles of south course through numerous lakes, and falls into the main Saskatchewan at the Pas. * * * From Lumpy Hill to Big Hill: —The trail, taking an easterly direction, passed over a series of hills and intervening valleys, constituting a height of land. Thence the vegetation still continues luxuriant; lakes are numerous; aspen groves and flowers abundant. As we approach the great prairie, the country becomes more undulating."

These things were written a generation ago. They are more than justified in this foot note upon them; taken from an article by Mr. William Redwood in the *Western Daily Press*, describing his journey over the Canadian Northern Railway from Edmonton to Prince Albert, as one of a party of British journalists who toured the country last year, as guests of the Dominion Government.—"At Vonda, we received an address from the Board of Trade representative. A staging erected at the station contained some remarkable samples of grain, roots and vegetables, and particulars furnished showed that, though Vonda has been settled only a few years, half a million

bushels of wheat were sent out last year, and it is believed this year the yield will be 750 000 bushels, which, at sixty pounds to the bushel, would furnish a pound of breadstuff for every man, woman and child in Great Britain and would postpone hunger just so long for the people of a great Empire.

Vonda was in the Hind's district. They didn't dream of it. The station proposed for the place near where Vonda is was Finland.

(To be continued)

A Land Deal with the Doctor

By Andrew B Hogg

"YOU haven't been in any deals with the Doctor, I suppose," remarked Parker, the general store magnate and postmaster.

"Not yet," admitted Craig; "but," he added, with the averted look peculiar to important men, "I expect to be before long. In fact, we have something under consideration at present."

"The doctor is certainly a good partner," declared the postmaster.

"He never loses," replied Craig.

Mr T Wilson Craig wore a grave and cunning frown as he resumed his walk toward the office. The hope of business connection with Doctor Russell, though as yet based on mere rumor, was no slight stimulus to his dignity and shrewdness. While he walked along the village street, giving his courteous greetings to clients and condescending nods to others, he unconsciously watched for the massive form of the Doctor. The searching, freezing stare, he thought, of that individual would, at last, excite no uneasiness. Not seeing him, Craig pulled the morning mail from his pocket, and studying the envelopes, strode pensively through a doorway adorned with the sign "Law Office."

"Oh, here you are," exclaimed an impatient voice.

"Good morning, Doctor," replied the young lawyer, smiling pleasantly, "sorry to keep you waiting. Come inside."

"My scheme," announced the Doctor, after considerable talk, "is simply this. You can sell that farm for me at two thousand. You know what it cost; fifty-six dollars at the tax sale, about fifty more for Torrens title, and the cost of holding it six years. In selling it you're not supposed to have any record of those facts. It's a marsh in wet weather, you know, but this season it's dry, and it looks fairly high, so you can advertise it as 'high and dry.' We can easily dump it on some American. Most marsh land on the other side grows willows, this puts all its strength into grass, and there are some people in the world who don't know the difference between marsh grass and prairie grass. You understand?"

Craig's eyes glowed with intelligence. "Leave it to me, Doctor. Real estate will be going some this fall, if I know anything, and there will be plenty of buyers. In fact Doctor I have in mind now a person—"

"Yes, yes," snapped the Doctor "but you mustn't get excited in a real estate deal. I want to ask you something. You were telling me of a friend of yours in Winnipeg who is now in the business."

"Green, you mean," prompted Craig. "Why yes; we went to public school together. How did you come to think of him? Oh, of course, you were telling me. He fooled your boy on those city lots. I know Green

well, but he's not a particular friend of mine."

"Ah, that's what I expected," continued the Doctor. "Now, we'll just let Mr. Green get us a buyer, and he can stand between us and any little trouble that may arise afterwards."

"A great scheme," exclaimed Craig.

"It's a good principle," added the Doctor, "in planning a deal, to look some distance ahead. Good morning."

A faint twinkling smile lingered in the corners of Doctor Russell's eyes as he ordered his first morning drink.

"Another deal finished, I'll bet," remarked the bartender.

"Not yet," replied the Doctor.

Mr. Craig's stenographer had only two letters to write that morning.

"A letter to C. H. Green, Esquire, Real Estate Agent, Winnipeg, Manitoba," announced her employer. Then from the lips of the dictator came a well studied message, worded in his most finished business style:

"Your letter re the matter of our selling farm lands to hand some days ago.–Paragraph–Same meets with my hearty approval. At the present moment, I have one piece of good stuff on the market, which you may be able to handle. This is a real snap. Only two thousand dollars for a half section, containing three hundred acres of the best unimproved wheat land in the Province. The present owner got it for a song years ago when nothing was moving, and I have the sole selling of it at above figure. You will doubtless have some American customer with whom we could negotiate a deal for same. We invite personal inspection of the property."

Mr. Craig lit a cigar, and gazing out across the prairie, continued dictating:

"A personal letter to the same party.

"My dear Green: Just a word in reply to your personal remarks. Am glad to hear you are now in Real Estate, and doing well. Glad also to hear the other items you mention about yourself

"As for myself, I am prospering beyond former expectations, having a good practice, a cosy home of my own, and mighty good prospects, both in business and politically. Of course you surmise, I had to go through the mill to get into the profession, but I took the shortest cut, and am now reaping a fairly good harvest from the foundations laid in years of drudgery

"With regard to this deal mentioned in mine of even date herewith.–Period I think we could work together in this, and make a little on the side The owner of this land does not know its value. Besides, he thinks himself rather wise, and it would be a pleasure as well as a cinch to work a little game on him. He offers us good commission for selling, but we might as well add on some for ourselves We can easily dispose of the farm at three thousand."

In the evening, Craig strolled to his cosy home, blissfully contemplating the make, the style, the effect upon the villagers, the satisfaction to himself, of the luxury that he soon could purchase, the only one in the countryside, an automobile.

"Will be up to-morrow's train with buyer for farm. Three thousand quoted. Green."

This telegram disturbed business operations in the peaceful little office of T. Wilson Craig

"By George," exclaimed the excited lawyer, "that looks like business, only a week since I wrote him"

Next day there stepped from the train a smart young man of urbane appearance, accompanied by a rather crude, bewhiskered gentleman in a broad hat. Mr. T. Wilson Craig, his latest imported clothes, stood ready to meet them

'How are you, Craig"

"How are you, old boy"

"Careful, we're not supposed to know each other.'

These remarks passed very quietly between the two young men.

"This is Mr Craig, Mr. Simpson," continued Green, as they approached the older gentleman. "Mr. Simpson is an old customer of mine, Mr. Craig from Illinois We may take a look at that farm of yours. Is it sold yet?

"Not yet," replied Craig impressively. "Some local men want it, but

none of them seem to have the ready cash. It is to be a cash sale, Mr Simpson."

"Well," drawled Mr. Simpson, "I ain't saying I'm going to do any buying, cash or credit. This young man just brought me up here to look at——"

To the exclusion of several village passengers who were riding for sheer enjoyment, the three men of business secured comfortable seats in the "Royal Alexandra" bus.

"Not much of a town to look at," commented Craig apologetically, "rather new, you see; but there's lots of business, at least in my line. People are coming from all directions to pick up land. There is nothing in the Province to beat our wheat fields."

Up the broad main street, between ascending rows of plain frame structures, the bus rolled noisily toward the important corner where stood the busy stores and the big hotel.

"You have seen the land," argued Mr. Craig to his prospective purchaser, as they sat snugly in his inner office. "It's just as we represented it: long grass, no scrub, no sloughs, everything to indicate good wheat soil."

"That's a fact," assented the stubborn purchaser, "the land seems all right. Yes, and the price is fairly reasonable. You say you want all cash."

"Spot cash," said Craig.

"Can a clear deed of the place be handed over right away?"

"Within an hour," replied the lawyer.

"That's business," admitted Mr. Simpson.

"We can close the deal right now," said Craig decidedly.

"I'll think it over," said Mr. Simpson.

Next morning, with cheerful countenance and beer scented breath, the Doctor called.

"Sold the farm yet, Craig?" was his question.

"Trying to negotiate a deal," replied Craig.

"I have another little proposition," began the Doctor; "perhaps on it too we could work together. My bank account just now is not big enough for my purposes. Have you any ready cash to invest?"

"If I haven't," stated Craig, as proudly as if talking to one who didn't know the bank manager intimately, "it isn't hard for me to get it."

"Well," continued the Doctor, in that convincing tone of his which outweighed argument, "a fellow is in town who has some city property for sale. From what I hear—mind, I am relying entirely on what I hear—he has some pretty good lots. Shall we buy them and wait for a rise in value next spring?"

"You're ready to put your own money into it?" queried Craig.

"Certainly," the Doctor assured him, "to the extent of one half their value."

"You haven't made a practice of losing on city property," suggested Craig, as he recalled some of the Doctor's big gains.

The Doctor smiled.

"And you don't figure on losing in this deal?" continued the lawyer.

"I certainly do not," said the Doctor emphatically.

"What is a half interest worth?"

"About eight hundred, perhaps a little more."

"I think I know your man," remarked Craig shrewdly.

"That may be," replied the Doctor, "but if you're talking business to him, I'll not interfere, and don't you mention this affair of mine."

"Agreed," said Craig, "Shall I give you a cheque for the eight hundred now?"

"Have one ready to-night," said the Doctor.

While this arrangement was being made in the seclusion of Mr. Craig's office, another of equal importance was completed in the public sitting room of the hotel. To the annoyance of some expectant listeners, two men there discussed some grave and secret matter in tones inaudible.

"You have the cash all right?" queried Mr. Simpson.

"You can take that for granted," replied Green.

"And you are relying on your own judgment?"

"I would be a fool if I did not."

"Then, if you can buy at twenty-four hundred," continued the American, "I'll have my half ready. When I see you willing to go into the deal yourself I know there's no crooked work—not that I suspected anything, no, no, but old chaps like me, that ain't used to business, we have to be mighty cautious."

"Leave it to me, and we'll get that farm for twenty-four hundred."

As Mr Craig was preparing to go in search of his friend Green, that youth stepped hurriedly into his office. The two old school fellows had a long discussion.

"As you're going to take a half interest yourself," said Craig in conclusion, "and as you know all the inside facts, of course I can't object to letting it go at two thousand. We may make a deal more to our mutual advantage some other time."

"And the farm is worth three thousand to-day!" repeated Green. "Though I don't know much about land, I conclude it is; and you say so yourself?"

"I certainly do," declared Craig. The lie on his lips repelled the natural smile of triumph, and he uttered the words with quiet solemnity.

"I get my half interest, then, for eight hundred," said Green to himself.

This most promising and brilliant schemes Mr. Craig always explained to his pretty wife.

"You see, my dear," he stated at the dinner table, "I'm putting through two deals to-night, almost at the same time, and with the same parties, yet, I must not, as it were, let my right hand know what my left hand doeth.

"First I finish the sale of the farm. Green and his friend pay over their two thousand. I take my hundred for commission and give the rest to the Doctor—Still, I hardly think I should take the commission. The Doctor is treating me right on that other deal. Anyway, the Doctor gives them a deed, and that deal is finished. By the way, we call the price twenty-four hundred, just to please Green. The more you pay for a place, you know, the more you can get for it.

"Then, the Doctor takes my eight hundred, puts another eight to it, and buys this farmer's city lots. Green has nothing to do with this. Nor am I supposed to be in the deal. Doc employs me to draw the Deed from Simpson to himself, but my name does not appear."

"But, dearie," suggested Mrs. Craig, "when the Doctor has these lots in his own name—well, what about you?"

"Ha, ha," laughed the lawyer, "you're not so slow. But don't fear for me. When I sign a [illegible] Doctor Russell. Doctor Russell gives a Deed to me. That deed is now [illegible]."

"You talk about women being cunning," said his wife.

Presently another fear came to her feminine mind.

"After all," she exclaimed, "isn't it only you and Mr. Green who pay out any money on the deal; those other fellows just trade their land, don't they?"

[illegible]

"that Doctor Russell is an old [illegible] and I'm sure he doesn't like [illegible]."

"The Doctor and I are [illegible]," retorted her husband.

"That makes a difference," admitted Mrs. Craig.

"It certainly does," said Craig. Then he kissed her.

Late in the evening two elderly men stole quietly to the private room behind the bar.

"Well Doc," began Mr Simpson, "I think we have settled matters, as the young cub says, to the entire satisfaction of all parties concerned."

"I think we have," responded the Doctor, "to their present satisfaction at least.—Two beers, Charlie."

"It's my treat," urged Mr Simpson.

"Perhaps it is," agreed the other, "let us figure it out."

"I can prove it," continued Mr Simpson; "but say, this young barrister is a very clever man. At least that seems to be his own opinion."

"And the other boy is about the same," added the Doctor. "Both need a little teaching. Office boy's can't have everything come their way in real estate But Sim, let me tell you that you played your part well. There's not a soul in town knows we ever met before—only the postmaster. I gave him a hint to that he'd help us on if necessary,—I guess the young chaps will be some time finding out the facts

"Well, as I remarked before," continued the American, "it's my treat, and I can prove it."

"Go ahead," said the Doctor.

"We each have our eight hundred cash "

"Yes."

"You've spent, for that farm, a hundred and fifty."

"About that What did you pay for the lots?"

"Just one hundred."

"Yes, it's your treat "

The Wind and the Sea

By Robert Little

I STOOD on the shore one summer day
And the sea rolled in like a child at play;
The little waves rocked without murmur or sound
Then it looked together round and round

I watched and the sea grew still as death,
The wind for a little held its breath,
Then over the water lay a while
A ripple like a passing smile.

Then the [illegible] and the sea once still,
Rose like a comrade to do its will.
They met together, the wind and the sea,
Each as if set from a prison free.

Wild grew the wind; the great sea stood,
Then crouched like a man in angry mood,
And [illegible] night and day;
Then met again to resume their play.

FRUIT-GROWING IS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT INDUSTRIES OF THE PROVINCE

British Columbia

By Herbert Vanderhoof

From the February Business Man's Magazine

BRITISH Columbia is called "The Paradise of the Pacific," and with reason. No more beautiful country exists under the sun than this province, which is indeed Nature's picture gallery. However, it is a busy Eden,—no lazy man's land. Mining, lumbering, agriculture, fruit-growing, fisheries, mixed farming and dairying, all are carried on in the fertile valleys between the great mountain ranges and with almost unbelievable success.

Did you ever hear of selling strawberries at twenty-five cents a pound—seven berries weighing a pound? Did you ever hear of getting seventy cents a dozen for eggs, and ten cents a pound, live weight, for hogs? Did you ever hear of felling trees three hundred feet high and fifty feet in circumference at the base? Did you ever—but what's the use? British Columbia is never believed until it has been seen. Yet here are a few facts that may interest you.

Less than fifty years ago British Columbia was shown on the maps of North America as "New Caledonia," and was held as a fur preserve by the Hudson's Bay Company under lease from the British Government. To the world at large it was a hyperborean wilderness, a home of savage men and wild beasts. One day gold was discovered, thousands of treasure hunters rushed in, and sudden and important

changes occurred. The ... created a Crown colon... sible Government ... and enforced in ... h British prec... were made to the "diggings," civic, educational and religious institutions were established and British Columbia emer... from obscurity and became the Mecca of a vast army of sturdy pilgrims from all parts of t...

The primary object of the newcomer was gold and the fortunate ones succeeded in winning about $30,000,000 in the period between 1858 and 1868. But the needs of the miners encouraged other industries, and in due course British Columbia's timber and fisheries ... regarded as nearly equal in ... th her gold mines. Dur... n days of placer mining ... signored—for who would ... planting potatoes wh... was to be had? ... en harvest began lighter, many miners turned to farming from necessity o... from inclination. Cultivated fields and ranches sl... lal... fronts and river banks. The... who went into practical farming made money, and to d... their fine residence... tilled fi... ...ards a... the n...

I... ...

...n the temp...

Advantages ...

The agr... toral l... to a small ... total acre... MacCoun... the l... after personal in... the ground, sa...

The whole of British Colum... south of fifty-two degrees and east of the coast range is a grazing country up to 3,500 feet and a farming countr... up to 2,500 feet, where irrigation ... This is a most impo... ment and its truth is being ... practical experience ... o have established themselves in the ...untry. Within the boundaries thus roughly defined by Professor MacCoun the capabilities of the soil are practically unlimited. All of it that is not too elevated to serve only ... will produce all the ordinary ... nd roots. Much of it will ... ls to perfection while everywhere the hardier varieties of fruit ... n be successfully cultivated ... orth as fifty-five degrees ... practically demonstrated th... will flourish while in the southern ... the more delicate fruits such as peaches, grapes and apricots are an... Roughly estimated ...

extent of these fertile lands may be set down at one million acres, but this figure will probably be found far below the actual quantity capable of cultivation when the country has been thoroughly explored. The anticipation of such a result is justified from the fact that at several points in the mountains, even in the most unpromising looking localities, where clearing and cultivation have been attempted, agriculture has been found successful

The opportunities for profitable diversified farming are practically unlimited. The demand for every product of the farm is great and ever increasing, the present supply being wholly inadequate for the local market Under a system of small land holdings, with diversified farming every object of cultivation is highly profitable, because produced by labor that might otherwise be unproductive

The advantages of diversified farming over special farming are many and important, and there is scarcely a district in British Columbia in which diversified farming may not be carried on more profitably than any special branch of industry. Large areas which require irrigation and are now used for grain growing and stock raising will at no distant day be supplied with water and will afford men of moderate means the opportunity to acquire homes and pursue general farm work under conditions similar to, but more advantageous and profitable than in the eastern provinces

Irrigation, though far from general has already wrought a change in agricultural methods in those districts in which it has been introduced, but so far farming under this system does not appeal to the average easterner. Many who have had no experience with irrigation entertain the feeling that it is suited to especial farming only. When they learn the use of water, applied where and when it is needed, and come to understand that there is nothing intricate about it, or anything difficult to be learned in respect to it, they quickly appreciate its advantages. The productive value of land in British Columbia which has good water facilities is easily four times as great as land in Eastern Canada

Prosperous Homes and Profitable Occupations

The milder climate contributes to this in a measure, but the great advantage of irrigation lies in being able to control the elements, or, in other words, being independent of them in the conduct of farm work Diversified farming is essentially practical where irrigation is required It enables the farmer to gratify his fancy with respect to crops and at the same time realize from the land the greatest possible returns By studying the needs of his locality and adjusting his products to demand, he derives a continuous income without fear of failure from drought or excessive rain. The general farmer may combine stock raising which includes dairying, in a small way, hay and grain poultry, hogs and sheep, with a very great variety of small fruits and vegetables The farmer who understands how to reduce his products to compact form making his alfalfa or hay field support a few cows, which will yield with their increase a considerable annual return each, a few sheep and hogs, which find a ready sale at all seasons, a small band of hens and turkeys, always saleable at good prices, can easily wait for his fruit trees to come to bearing—he will never find it necessary to confine himself to a special branch. Thousands of men who are struggling for a mere livelihood on exhausted fields elsewhere may find prosperous homes here with profitable occupation in a climate and amidst scenes of beauty and grandeur unequaled in the world

Dairying pays handsomely especially in cases where the farmer is not obliged to employ skilled labor to do the milking and butter-making The local demand for butter is constantly increasing with the population and the prices secured are far higher than in the east The province possesses large possibilities for dairying. There are extensive pastoral lands in the interior while increased cultivation in the lower country will form the necessary feeding ground. With a plentiful supply

of good water and t[illegible] ... established in the ... th[illegible] ... Th[illegible] ... t[illegible] ... of [illegible] ... th[illegible] ... C[illegible]

[illegible] THE ATTENTION OF THE WORLD

Once established in the [illegible] tically impossible to get it out. L[illegible] or alfalfa, is succeeding admirably. In the Okanagan V[illegible] and many other points, t[illegible] to us holder[illegible]

There are [illegible] and [illegible] repayable in eight instalments with interest at five per cent, the first of such instalments to be paid at the expiration of three years, and the other seven [illegible]

[illegible] has scarcely been [illegible] on a commercial basis, as

there is but one cheese factory in the province. This factory is at Langley, and has a daily capacity of about 1,000 pounds of cheese. The article produced is of good quality, and finds ready sale.

Potatoes, turnips, beets, mangolds, and all other roots grow in profusion wherever their cultivation has been attempted. Sixty-eight tons of roots to a measured acre, is recorded at Chilliwack, and near Kelowna, on Okanagan Lake, twenty acres produced 403 tons of potatoes, which sold at fourteen dollars per ton, while carrots, turnips, parsnips and beets sell at an average of about sixty cents per bushel. Wheat is grown principally in the Fraser Valley, Okanagan, Spallumcheen, and in the country around Kamloops in the Thompson River valley, and is manufactured at local mills, at Enderby, Armstrong and Vernon. Until the northern interior of the province is brought under cultivation through the construction of railways, the wheat area will not be increased. Wheat is only grown on the mainland coast and Vancouver Island for fodder and poultry feeding. Very good barley is grown in many parts of the province. Oats are the principal grain crop, the quality and yield being good, and the demand beyond the quantity grown. Rye is grown to a limited extent and is used for fodder.

The Average Yields of Grain, and the Price.

The average yields of grain and prices are as follows:

Wheat, bushels per acre	25 62	Price per ton	$33 15
Oats, bushels per acre	39 05	Price per ton.	
Barley, bushels per acre	33 33	Price per ton.	

These averages are very much exceeded in many cases, and according to nature of soil and local conditions. In the matter of oats, as high as 100 bushels to the acre is not an uncommon yield

Poultry raising is carried on to advantage, a profit of two dollars per year on each hen being average. Ducks, geese, and turkeys do well in many parts of the country. The prices are excellent for poultry and eggs.

Hop-growing, tobacco-raising, beet-culture, cranberry, celery, sugar beet and melon-growing are also carried on successfully. The culture of flowering bulbs on Vancouver Island is a profitable industry, the gains being estimated at $2,000 per acre.

Cattle-raising on a large scale was once a chief industry of the province, but the tendency of late has been for smaller herds and the improvement of stock. While the province is capable of raising all the beef, mutton and pork required for home consumption, a large amount is annually imported

Fruit-growing is one of the most important industries of the province A few years ago the man who would venture to describe the Kootenays as fruit-growing districts would have been looked upon as a visionary or an imbecile; to-day all southern British Columbia is acknowledged to be the finest fruit-growing country on this continent. Not only will it produce fruit in abundance, but the quality of its fruit is superior to that grown in any other part of America. Certain varieties of fruit attain perfection in certain localities—for instance, the Fameuse apple develops its best qualities on the Island of Montreal—but, taking a collection of British Columbia fruit, it is larger, better colored, and better flavored than any similar miscellaneous lot, the product of any other country.

In 1903 the first carload of apples was shipped to Great Britain, the shipment consisting of Spys, Baldwins, Ontarios and Canada Reds. They arrived in Glasgow, Scotland, on November 9 in splendid condition, and sold at six shillings per box, or about one dollar more a barrel than the choicest apples from other districts, reckoning about three and a half boxes to the barrel. The British Columbia apples aroused much interest among fruit dealers, as well as consumers, and many letters were received by the consignors from persons eager to secure shipments of splendid fruit.

In 1904 the British Columbia department of agriculture forwarded a collection of British Columbia fruit to London, England, for exhibition purposes. It consisted of apples, pears and plums, including the following varieties:

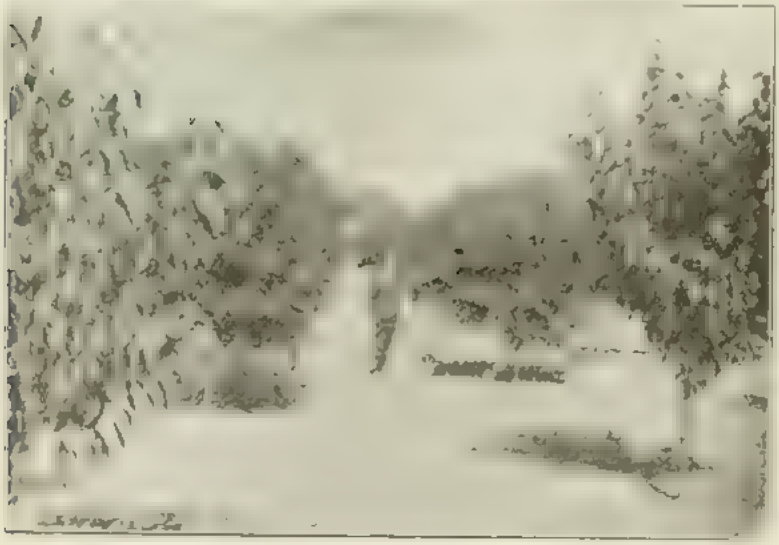
Fall Pippins, from L
Kings, from J
Vandeveres, from Lytton
Twenty ounce Pippin, from Ly
Blue Pearmains, fro
Oranos, from Lytton
Ribston Piprins, f
Wolfe Rivers, from
Wealthies from K

of the society's gold medal and diploma.

One result of this exhibit was the deluging of Agent General J. H Turner with letters from prominent English fruit dealers, anxious to do business with British Columbia fru
Several of the leading fruit
placed large orders for next season's fruit so it may be confidently stated that fruit trade with the Old Country has been firmly established

Grapes and Peaches in Southern British Columbia

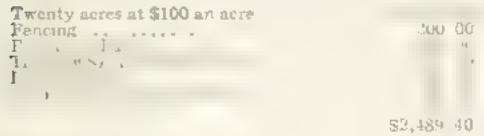
The quality of the peaches and grapes grown in Southern British Columbia can scarcely be excelled, the crisp dry air and bright sunshine combining



to impart a luscioueness of flavor lacking in the fruit of hot countries The recent discovery of fig trees growing wild on Vancouver Island, near Nanaimo, has suggested the possibility of the successful cultivation of this fruit Almonds, walnuts, chestnuts, nectarines, apricots, olives, and oth tropical fruits have been suc grown. No attempt has been made to ow citrus fruits but it seems reasonable that the hardy Japanese orange would do well in some of the sunny southern valleys

Victoria sent a collection of plums, and the exhibit as a whole was greatly admired. The *London Times*, while hesitating to declare the fruit superior to the best E s admitted that they very nearly approached them in color, shape and flavor, even after having traveled six thousand mil by railway and steamship. The Royal Horticultural Society's appreciation of the fruit was shown by the award

The setting out and care of an orchard until it becomes a source of profit requires considerable outlay of cash and personal exertion, but the results after a few years furnish ample compensation. The cost of setting out twenty acres of apple trees in Southern British Columbia is about as follows:



Twenty acres at $100 an acre
Fencing
$2,489 40

Root crops and small fruits planted between the trees for the first year or two, and red clover up to the fifth year should more than pay for the trees The fourth year the trees shoud produce some fruit—probably $100 worth. The cost of maintenance for five years, with the original cost and interest, would amount to $4,836.22, or $242 per acre, less the value of clover roots and fruit; in the sixth year, the orchard should produce $3,200, and in the ninth $5,800, after which it should pay a net annual profit of $125 to $150 per acre – an assured income for life of $2,500 to $3,000 per year

This estimate of profits is not based on paper and pencil calculations, but is justified by actual experience of British Columbia fruit-growers. One Kelowna ranch produced over five thousand dollars' worth of fruit from six and one-third acres in one season

Whether the settler goes into mining, lumbering, stock raising, mixed farming, dairying, poultry-raising, or fruit-growing, he is sure of a good market for his produce in British Columbia The agricultural industry cannot keep pace with the march of progress, and the thousands of men employed in the mines and lumber camps require more than the farmer can possibly produce. Then there is the Klondike market, and the Oriental trade, so that the future of the province is assured.

Socially, the country is one of the pleasantest on the continent. The "bad man" is conspicuously absent. Peace and good order are universal. The law is strictly administered in the courts, and serious crimes are rare The provincial police do good service in maintaining a high standard of law and order Outdoor sports are popular, cricket, lacrosse hockey, football, baseball, golf and boating being common throughout the province. Churches are in practically every town. Schools are well-provided for in all districts Taxes are not high. Wages are good Everything is here to tempt the seller, and to secure him a comfortable and pleasant existence in "The Orchard of the Empire."

The Question

By Sarah Hamilton Birchall

HE went up the hill in the twilight:
(Was it my love, or another?)
Up on the wind-bitten prairie,
Up, in the blinding snow-smother.

My hands will not warm at the fire:
(Was it my love, or a stranger?)
I let him pass, all alone,
Into the night and the danger.

Western Canada's First Farmer

By Lawrence J. Burpee

WHO first proved the incalculable Agricultural richness of [illegible]

Who was the pioneer farmer of that vast homestead area bounded by the Great Lakes and the Rocky Mountains?

Time is not measured in the West by the leisurely standards of the old world, or even by those of Eastern America, and to look back fifty years is to get into regions of ancient history, while a century carries one pretty well into prehistoric times

Fifty years ago, with one small exception, Northwestern America was still the exclusive domain of the fur-trader; still under the absolute rule of that gigantic monopoly, the Hudson's Bay Company. Even the one small exception—the Red River settlement—was to all intents and purposes under the sway of the same benevolent despotism. Here, however, some tentative efforts had actually been made to till the soil, to vary the monotony of buffalo steaks, or pemmican, with vegetables, and even the rare luxury of bread. Yet fate had been exceptionally unkind to the plucky little band of Scottish colonists brought out by Lord Selkirk; early frosts, droughts, floods grass-hoppers, everything in fact seemed to conspire to defeat their efforts at agriculture; and it is not altogether to be wondered at that that impetuous little autocrat of the Hudson's Bay Company, Sir George Simpson, could solemnly assure a Committee of the British House of Commons—exactly fifty years ago—that grain could not be successfully grown in the barren soil of what is now the Province of Manitoba. Think of it—the very home of "No. 1 Hard"! Yet Sir George Simpson was not the only one, or the last one, to miss the significance of that boundless field of virgin soil—the future granary of half the world. Hardly more than a decade ago a Canadian railway company refused an enormous land subsidy in the heart of the Saskatchewan valley, because it had been reported valueless for agriculture

Who will credit it, then, that not fifty, but one hundred and fifty years ago, the agricultural possibilities of the "Last West" had been demonstrated? These pioneer farmers were not English, but French, of the same vigorous race whose farms to-day cover both banks of the St Lawrence from Montreal to Quebec. Twenty years earlier the most dauntless and unselfish of Western explorers, Pierre Gaultier de la Verandrye, had stood, first of white men, upon the shores of Lake Winnipeg. He or his sons, or those who succeeded them, built trading posts at the mouth of Winnipeg river, at the confluence of the Assiniboine and Red rivers, where Winnipeg now stands; on the Assiniboine itself, about where Portage la Prairie stands to-day; on the shores of Lake Dauphin, and farther north, on Cedar Lake, at the foot of the Saskatchewan. Finally, ascending that mighty river, they built a fort at the mouth of Pasquia River—the place is known to-day as The Pas; and another a little below the Forks of the Saskatchewan. It is at these two latter posts that the first experiments in western farming seem to have been carried out

Unfortunately, no record remains by the men themselves, of how, when, or why they first conceived the idea of tapping that illimitable food supply that lay buried in the rich soil of the Saskatchewan valley. Many of the

manuscript journals of La Verandrye and his sons are still extant, in the archives at Paris and Ottawa; but those that cover the period of their Saskatchewan explorations, and the building of their posts on that river, have unfortunately been lost. The evidence of their farming operation depends upon later travellers, British fur-traders and explorers who, after the cession of Canada to England, followed La Verandrye's footsteps into the Northwest, and completed his great dream of an overland expedition to the Western Sea—the Pacific.

Alexander Henry, of the old North West Company, in his expedition up the Saskatchewan in 1808, passed the ruins of Fort St. Louis the uppermost of the two trading posts already mentioned as having been built by the French, before Canada had been ceded to England. Henry and his men, having labored hard all day with pole and line, forcing their heavily-laden canoes upstream against the current of the Saskatchewan, which is very strong at this part of the river, were glad to find a good camping-ground toward evening, and pitched their tents on the very spot where their French predecessors had made a temporary home in the wilderness. Henry examined the surroundings with interest, and notes in his Journal that "some years ago were still to be seen remains of agricultural implements and carriage-wheels." "Their road to the plains" he adds "is still to be seen, winding up a valley on the south side."

Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the famous explorer of the great river that bears his name, and the first man to make his way overland to the Pacific, confirms the fact of the old French traders having cultivated the soil about their posts on the Saskatchewan. "The French" he says "had two settlements upon the Saskatchewan, long before and at the conquest of Canada, the first at the Pasquia, near Carrot river, and the other at Nipawi, where they had agricultural instruments and wheel carriages, marks of both being found at those establishments, where the soil is excellent." Nipawi was another name for the old French post which Alexander Henry calls Fort St. Louis, a few miles below the Forks. It will be noted that Mackenzie mentions finding the marks of agricultural instruments about both the upper post and that at the Pas.

To these enterprising French fur-traders and explorers, then, must be given the credit of first laying tribute upon the rich soil of the great Northwest. Or rather they were first among white men, for long before white men penetrated to the borders of the western plains a remarkable tribe of Indians—the Mandans—had learned to cultivate the soil in a rude fashion. When the first explorer, La Verandrye, reached their villages on the banks of the Upper Missouri, in the autumn of 1838, he found them surrounded by fields of Indian corn, beans, pumpkins, and native tobacco. Some years afterward the Saulteux, or Ojibway Indians, around the Lake of the Woods, are said to have cultivated corn and other vegetables.

But this does not complete the tale of "ancient" agriculture in the great Northwest. One hundred and thirty years ago the agricultural possibilities of the "Last West" were demonstrated to an even more striking degree—not in the now familiar regions of Manitoba or the Saskatchewan valley, but in what is even to-day a district almost outside the calculations of the most enthusiastic westerner. As long ago as 1778 one Peter Pond, a shrewd Connecticut Yankee, paddled up the Saskatchewan, his canoes riding deep with trading goods dear to the heart of the unsophisticated savage. At the point where Cumberland House was afterward built by the Hudson's Bay Company, he turned north by way of the Sturgeon-Weir route and cross Frog portage, dropped his canoes into the unexplored waters of the Churchill river. Ascending that river to Ile a la Crosse lake, Buffalo lake, and Lake la Loche, he traversed the afterward well-known Methye portage, and descended the Clearwater river to the Athabaska. On this latter river he

built a trading post, only a few miles south of Lake Athabaska, and made it his headquarters for five or six years. Not content with the customary all-meat diet of the fur-trader, Peter Pond planted a garden about his rude fort, and regaled his men with the extraordinary luxuries of fresh vegetables. There is no evidence that his agricultural ambition ever soared to the heights of a field of wheat—with the prospective vision of home-made bread. But even if we must surrender the wheat and the bread, the man who could venture to raise vegetables in a district due west of Hudson Bay, almost in the latitude of Fort Churchill, one hundred and thirty years ago, is worthy of more than ordinary honor. Surely there is no new thing under the sun! The "American Invasion" that seemed so essentially a thing of to-day—began in 1778. One hundred and thirty years ago a shrewd New Englander had already pushed the northern boundary of the agricultural belt beyond 58 degrees.

The Saskatchewan Trail

By Floyd D. Raze

WESTWARD I [illegible] to-day,
O'er the dim trail that winds along this stream—
[illegible]
Adown this thread of hope, lured by the dream
Of riches in the wilderness that lies
Beyond those mountain tops that skirt the sea!
What [illegible]
O mighty West, what 'broidered hide in thee!

What ills beset them none can ever know—
The years that lie behind us speak no more—
They [illegible] and passed even as a phantom show
And sleep, forgotten, with the toils they bore.
But [illegible] through the years
Deep [illegible] by which the world can trace
The [illegible] that conquers human fears
And founds another empire for the race.

The Passing of the Cowboy

By W. Hodgson

What care they, what cares he,
What cares the world of the life he knows?
Little they reck of the shadowless plains,
The shelterless mesa, the sun and the rains!
A king in the saddle, he rides at will
With his broad sombrero,
His worn chappararas,
And clinking spurs,
Like a centaur he speeds
Where the wild bull feeds,
And he laughs, "Ha! ha! who cares, who cares?"—*Cowboy Song.*

THE old-time, ramping, stamping swearing Billy Harwood of old country inn and stage-coach days has passed away with the years. The old-time cowboy of Western fame has been marching for the past decade towards the same fate, and disappearing from the horizon until it will be a matter of a few short seasons until he will have left the prairie finally to the ploughshare and the ploughman, so long considered by him as mere intruders on his ranges. Intruders they were, but they have come and they are coming in thousands, and the echo of their footsteps already reverberates in the air. The grazing spaces have narrowed, the farms are multiplying everywhere. The day of the cowboy is over.

Cowboy life in its most typical form has always been associated with the west and the wide prairies. In Canada its home has been southern Alberta and the foothills. In the States, settlement of the farmers on his territory drove him to Texas, where he thought he would always flourish on account of the unsuitability of the soil for farming, but irrigation and the ever-present land hunter have dispossessed him even there. The dividing of the ranch estates into farms was the last straw. He is disappearing like the buffalo.

For the past twenty years, Alberta has been the rancher's strongest hold, and probably contained within its borders the largest ranches and the largest herds in the world. There is an element of pathos in it all now, for "land, land, land," is the cry. Land companies and land salesmen; land hunters and homesteaders in their prairie schooners; land surveyors and land agents—the country is crawling with them. What matter that the surveyor's mound pins were pulled for years, and the farmer laughed out of the country, even if he could locate his land? The farmer kept on coming, and by sheer persistence defeated the cowboy. The inevitable has come. With a sigh, he leaves the field to those of simpler and less adventurous spirits, trying to forget the faded glories of the Bar U, the New Oxley, the Quarter Circle C, the Cochrane, and the New Waldron. With the recent sale of the latter ranch and its thousands of cattle, the old time ranch life has given up its ghost, and the farmer triumphs.

The Western Canadian cowboy lived a free, wild life, constantly fraught with danger, a life of adventure, and risk that he loved. Noted for his dare-devil escapades, gallant and gentle with women, a sure shot with his lariet or his .44, there was no better rider on the continent. An exhibition given before the Duke of York called forth the remark that it was the finest horsemanship he had ever seen in the world. He was usually a well-informed citizen with a good knowledge of the world, and often of aristocratic family. As a rule, he knew no fear of the worst buckers and outlaws. Open-hearted and open-handed from circumstance and nature, he was nevertheless an inveterate gambler.

Not for him was the monotonous life of the hay camps. His business in life was to ride the roundups twice each year, which usually took about three months each. Between roundups in the summer time, horse-racing, gambling and shooting, kept him busy. After the fall roundup the expert cowboy left the country for the winter, generally bound for 'Frisco, but when the winter was over he invariably returned to his old haunts in the spring, light of pockets, and often with an assortment of new ideas about poker.

The cowboy dandy—for he is a dandy in his way—had his own ideas of dress for himself and equipment for his horse. He wore the inevitable soft-brimmed Stetson hat of the plains, a carved leather band ornamenting it; flannel shirt with decorative pearl buttons; a gay silk handkerchief knotted about his neck to keep out the dust; long riding-boots, spurs and chaps. The chaps were leather over-trousers, made of dogskin with the fur turned out, which turn rain like a tin roof and are warm for cold night rides. Behind the cantle of his saddle he carried an oil-skin slicker, which completed his outfit

In the point of saddlery he was a connoisseur. The saddle was expensive, and had to have the very best steel horn obtainable, on account of the constant rope work. Many saddles were brought up in the old days from California and showed the mark of the Spanish leather-workers. Bits and spurs frequently cost him from twelve to fifteen dollars apiece. A lariat and a rawhide quirt he always carried on his saddle, and a revolver or two more for sport than anything else.

Going to town was always an occasion of rejoicing, and a ride with a bunch of marketable horses to Calgary or Macleod a hundred miles or more distant was a pleasure trip to the cowboy. While not opposing the law, the cowboy indulged in pranks of many sorts, and when "the bunch" was in town there was usually something on the carpet.

On one occasion in Calgary the boys passed a group of Salvation Army exhorters on the sidewalk. Quick as a flash one of them roped the big drum, snatching it from under the nose of the astonished drummer, and dragging it resoundingly about the streets to the terror of his horse and the delight of his audience

The big outfits spread their thousands of cattle over thousands of acres in the palmy days of the ranch, for large tracts could be rented for a nominal sum from the Government. Now all is changed. The big roundups to which every ranch from Calgary and Macleod to Maple Creek and Medicine Hat sent their quota of men and horses are no more. No more the cowboy sings at night to the restless herd. His picturesque figure has vanished with pathetic haste before the civilization that comes in with the railroad. The great, rich, empty territories that were given over to the Indian, the trader, the adventurer and the cowboy is fenced; the countless herds of buffalo have vanished; the prairie sod is cut by the gang-plough. The days when land had no value and men cursed their fate aloud in the loneliness have disappeared. The adventurer moves on to lonelier places, following the ever-receding frontier, and his saddle rests in the back loft of the second-hand store. The cowboy is gone. *Requiescat in pace.*

Consul Taylor, Optimist

An Address delivered before the Old Timers' Association at Winnipeg, on February 27th, 1908

By United States Consul J. E Jones

THERE is no quotation more applicable to my subject than this:

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang 'round it still"

It recalls him who has long since passed beyond the river, but whose memory remains an evergreen to the people of Western Canada.

Consul Taylor was an old timer. He came to Winnipeg when it was a straggling village; he lived to see it well advanced in its wonderful development, and it is passing sad that he could not have been spared to see the realization of his predictions in the Winnipeg of to-day and the greater glory that must some day come to this country.

It was not my privilege to know Consul Taylor personally, but no man can be associated with the United States consulate in Winnipeg, without appreciating the marked ability of the man as reflected in his scholarly reports; nor can he fail in veneration when he listens to the unstinted words of praise from the old residents of Winnipeg,—the old timers Why he was as welcome as the flowers he brought the ladies in his regular visits. "Universally beloved" is the heritage he left.

We cannot estimate in words or figures the immense amount of good he did for this country. *He believed in it.* To him its glorious future was certain. He looked into the future with the eye of a seer and spoke as a revelator. There was nothing of the pessimist about him. When he came he saw the needs of the country at once and the first report he wrote was upon the subject of railroads.

"The man or company who builds a transcontinental railroad erects for himself and his posterity an everlasting monument. I will not attempt to estimate the financial benefits. They are almost as great" he wrote the late Jay Cooke, the man who financed the Civil War in the United States.

The American consulate, in his day, was a modest office, and one of the old timers in speaking to me the other day said in reply to my query as to the location of the consulate in the old days: "Why most of the time it was under his hat."

Then indeed he had spacious quarters, luxuriously fitted up with love for his fellow man, loyalty to his country and staunch optimism for Canada

I venture the assertion that the consulate at Winnipeg in his time was of vaster importance than many of the great diplomatic posts of Europe. He was isolated. No telegraph communication with the seat of Government directed his course. He was called upon to deal with questions of great moment; matters that seriously affected the welfare of Canada, and you will agree with me when I say he performed his duties with signal loyalty to his country and with entire satisfaction to Canada. He enjoyed the confidence of everyone, and exercised an influence in the community second to none.

Although not the "pioneer consul", he blazed the trail of good will, and made it easy for those of us who have been honored in following him. His impress is felt by me every day in the generous hospitality of the people of Winnipeg, and I could seek for no greater reward in my official life than

to merit the respect that hallows the name of Consul Taylor.

It might be of interest to give some excerpts from his reports, and I regret the lack of authority to quote many of these in full. They are all entertaining, all instructive, all historical. He was part indeed of the history of this section of Canada, and I take this opportunity to pay my respects to Mr. Thompson Seton for the suggestion that Consul Taylor's name be placed in the Hall of Fame in the proposed centennial of 1912.

Consul Taylor's official record in Winnipeg is embraced in three large volumes. His first dispatch to the Government is dated November 5th, 1870, giving notice of his entrance upon the duties of consul, and the last is an unfinished dispatch of March 16th, 1886, when illness checked his brilliant career, and death terminated it the following April. These records of early Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Assiniboia and Athabaska,—can't you hear him drawl them out as he stood before you in dignified pose?—are written in his own hand. There were no typewriters in those days. And his records are models of neatness and accuracy.

Early in his work we find him urging upon the Government at Washington the promulgation of regulations expediting the passage of emigrants from Eastern Canada through the United States to the "wonderful fertile valleys and plains of Western Canada." In June of 1872 he sends to Washington an important dispatch imparting the wonderful information that five hundred emigrants have come out from the eastern Provinces by the Red River steamers, and not less than two thousand are now passing through Minnesota taking advantage of the liberal arrangements made by the Secretary of the Treasury. He encloses a clipping from the Toronto *Globe* in which cordial appreciation of his efforts in the matter of emigration is recorded.

One of the earliest reports of the consul was upon the subject of transportation facilities for Western Canada. And he never loses an opportunity to impress upon the Government and people of the United States the urgency of the matter. It became a hobby. In many of these reports the dry humor of the consul stands out prominently. One of his reports upon this subject is impressive. "It took me six days to make the trip to St. Paul, and it wasn't easy going all the way either," he says. In another letter, which is a private one, the consul says "This country is going to be a wonder, and the change will bring with it better accommodations. In my trip to St. Paul recently I was put to my wits' end to keep from freezing and starving to death." From this I assume the stopping places along the road were not Royal Alexandra hotels.

"Transportation is improving," the consul writes several months later. "I made the trip from St. Paul to Fort Garry in five days." He is so elated over the new schedule that he gives it in detail.

"Railroad from St. Paul to Breckinridge on the Red River of the North, two hundred and twenty-four miles, one whole day; Stage four days as follows: To Georgetown sixteen miles, north of Moorhead, where the Northern Pacific railroad crosses the Red River, sixty miles. To Grand Forks, or the junction of the Red River, sixty miles. To Pembina seventy-two miles. To Fort Garry sixty-eight miles, a total of four hundred and eighty-four miles."

Compare this schedule with the up-to-date train service of to-day. You take the train in the evening and next morning you are in St. Paul.

In those trying times of the Fenian outbreak and the Riel rebellion the consul rose majestically to the situation. To a man less devoted to Canada, less loyal to the confidence reposed in him by the Government at Washington, many serious blunders might have been made. He held aloof from embarrassing situations. And yet he did not shirk responsibility. I have been told by one of Manitoba's prominent officials that Consul Taylor was the potent influence that put down the Fenian invasion. However that may be, I find a despatch to the Department

at Washington under date of October 3rd, 1871, calling attention to the presence at Pembina of certain Fenian leaders and fearing the frontier will be crossed. He takes it upon himself to send word direct to General Sherman urging that additional troops be sent to the scene, and then records with pleasure the message received the same day from Colonel Wheaton announcing the capture of the Fenian leaders and that no further anxiety need be felt of a Fenian invasion

On December first, 1871, he recites at length the great excitement that prevailed in Winnipeg over the rumor that the Fenians were coming, and says he was routed out of bed a dozen times by the citizens who wanted to know the facts in the case. He mentions an incident in connection with this matter that recalls our old friend and trusted dispenser of justice, Judge McMicken. It seems that two or three American citizens had been arrested on suspicion. "Assuring myself," writes the consul, "that the men were innocent, I called upon the governor, who directed Magistrate McMicken to see that the men were promptly discharged. Magistrate McMicken was on hand when the cases were called and saw to it, they were discharged."

There is no doubt in my mind, as I learn more of Consul Taylor's sterling integrity, that he would have interposed no objection had these men been guilt

But enough of this. I could go on rehearsing from his records the strenuous times of long ago, recalling the thrilling incidents of the early history of your country; times that tried men's souls. They thrill me, these stories of the old days, as they must your sons and daughters. For it is to you, old timers of Winnipeg, that we owe this beautiful city. You pioneers of the early days were true to your trust and faithful to your country. It is a glorious heritage you are leaving. You made the desert give up her golden store, meeting unusual conditions in a spirit of trust and confidence; overcoming obstacles which none but an Anglo-Saxon could have conquered, and you have lived to see the glorious realization of your work.

Indeed I envy you the title you have so richly deserved —"Empire Builders."

Banff

By Jeannette Cooper

LOW down upon the mountain side
The foolish little mist-clouds ride;
The lazy sun so late to rise,
Shakes back his gold locks from his eyes
And peering through the sweet, wet air
Laughs loud to see them lying there.

The little mist-clouds hurriedly
Pick up their fluffy skirts to flee;
He leans to watch the pretty sight;
Their backward glances of affright,
And when they've vanished, every whit,
Laughs all day long to think of it.

Morning in the Northwest

By Arthur Stringer

GREY countries and grim empires pass away,
But O the splendor of this autumn dawn,
This passes not away! This dew-drenched Range,
This infinite great width of open space,
This cool, keen wind that blows like God's own breath
This brooding sea of sun-washed solitude,
This virginal vast dome of opal air—
These, these endure, and greater are than grief!
Still there is strength; and life, Oh, life is good!
Still the horizon lures, the morrow calls,
Still hearts adventurous seek outward trails
Still life holds up its tattered hope!
For here
And age on life ne'er mountainously lies!
Here are no huddled cities old in sin,
Here life takes on a glory and a strength
And what care I of time-encrusted tombs,
What care I here for all the careless drip
Of tears in countries old in tragedy?
The dreams outlived, the hopes to ashes turned
In that old East so dark with rain and doubt
Here life swings glad and free and rude, and I
Shall drink it to the full, and go content!

The Old Days and the New

By John D. Lageson

BEFORE [illegible] Canadian Northern's main line had been discovered to be a wheat country—in other words, before the railroad was built through—the only human inhabitants of many districts were wandering Indians and an occasional rancher squatting with one or two hundred head of stock in some sheltered spot along a stream.

These ranchers were masters of all they surveyed. They would cut their hay in the sloughs, sometimes several miles away from the place where they were living, they would stack it there and, the winters being mild, would not as a rule at any time haul more than a week's supply home in advance.

The life was an easy one. Once the cattle had been branded, the herd would range over the prairies and would require but little watching. In the winter the stock was turned into a large log shed, with sod roof, without being tied up. They would keep warm there at night, and in the daytime would be turned out to feed around the straw stacks or upon such hay as was thrown out for them. The only real work in winter was to provide them with water, which was accomplished by chopping a hole in the ice of the nearest lake or pond. Sometimes stock would not even be sheltered, but experience proved this to be unprofitable, as one-third or half of the heifers would not calve after this rigorous treatment.

Take the Canora country as an example: The occupation of ranching was profitable as well as easy, and the old ranchers of the district are now worth from $20,000 to $150,000, although as a rule they came with nothing, ten or twenty years earlier. The wild peavine and grasses have raised the beef, and, besides having good herds of well bred stock, many of these ranchers were in possession of good buildings with private telephone line to the nearest town, fine driving horses, and other conveniences.

The advent of the railroad, the homesteaders, the land agents, the steam breaking outfits, the threshing machines and the elevators, with all the other accompanying ills and blessings, changed this idyllic state of affairs. When the rancher's herd got near the homesteader's place, dogs would shoot forth and set them scampering across the country. When a homesteader had filed on a choice piece of hay land this gave him the legal right to take such hay as the rancher might, in pursuance of old custom, still put up there. There was no legal way in which the rancher himself could acquire title to the even sections at a reasonable price, and as a rule they did not see the trend of things until too late, so that they were unable to secure the ownership to a considerable tract of land before it was too late to do so.

In short, soon after the advent of the railroad, the rancher woke up and found himself "a back number;" instead of ease he had worry; instead of large profits he had doubtful gains. There were several ways out of the dilemma: one was to sell out the stock to the settlers and go back East and have a taste of civilization; another was to "trek," as the Boers did in former days, and several of them did so. They travelled out into Alberta and selected a likely spot there, and then early in the spring the herd was started wandering across country, and thus, travelling by slow stages, the whole business was transferred from the Eastern Saskatchewan district into the newer and still somewhat sparsely

settled country of Northern Alberta. Still another way was for the rancher to adapt himself to his environment by going in for a smaller herd of higher bred cattle, or even in some instances for dairying. One man, Mr. F. C. Wright, has a herd of two hundred pure bred Black Angus—polled—cattle. Another, Dr. Reed, has a herd of fine Herefords, etc.

Where so many new settlers are coming in, as is the case in any good district in Western Canada, there is always a large demand for working oxen. There is further a large demand for draft horses, so that horse raising becomes profitable; and as a large percentage of the homesteaders are bachelors who understand all about eating butter but know nothing about making it, butter will bring from twenty cents to twenty-five cents a pound, and some of the ranchers therefore purchase small separators and throw upon their women folk the burden of making butter.

The Canora district of Eastern Saskatchewan three years ago, by the advent of the Canadian Northern Railway, was changed, as so many districts have been, from a ranching into a grain growing and stock raising district. The three elevators and the one hundred and fifty barrel capacity flour mill of the town represent the grain growing industry. The evidence of the stock raising industry is not seen until one goes out in the country, and there you will see occasionally as many as fifty or one hundred head of horses or cattle on one place—and usually high bred stock too—and you will see evidence that all of this is profitable, in the tangible form of good substantial buildings, rural telephone lines, good implements and other things which have been provided with money made by stock raising

The pig and the sheep also are new settlers that have come to stay. The peavine provides both feed and shelter for the pig in his youthful days in the spring, and in the fall the upland hay and peavine make excellent hay. With live hogs selling at seven cents in Winnipeg, and an abundance of beets and barley with which to fatten them, the "gintleman" who in Ireland "pays the rint," at Canora remains true to his instincts and pays the interest and installments upon the land that has been bought. Some of the settlers are not even satisfied with raising the pig, but are beginning to cure the meat themselves, and instead of selling raw material at seven cents a pound, are thus enabled to turn out a finished product retailing at from twenty-nine cents to thirty-five cents a pound

Here then, we find that Eastern Saskatchewan is not only a natural grain district, where as fine oats grow as may be found anywhere in the world, the ordinary yield being from sixty to one hundred and fifteen bushels per acre; but the great variety of nutritious natural grasses, the gently rolling, well-watered country, with meadows sloping down to the creeks, the numerous lakes and ponds and occasional groves of timber, all go to make this district a most excellent stock country, and the fact that the large ranchers have been driven out by no means signifies that the quantity of stock in the country has diminished On the contrary, there are at present many farmers whose chief or sole dependence is upon the stock, and there are very few farmers who do not each year derive considerable profit in one way or another from the raising of horses, cattle, pigs, sheep, and from the sale of butter as well

When the creamery at Canora has been built—but that will be another story.

A Nurse from Teulon

By Louise Darby

As the train for St. Paul pulled out of the Winnipeg station I glanced about to see if there were any interesting looking persons on board. Across the aisle three men talking rapidly in French, toward the back of the car the inevitable young mother with a baby and little boy, ahead of me the back of a woman's head in a perfectly ordinary hat, and all through the car commercial travelers; not a very encouraging prospect for an interesting evening for a girl travelling alone. So reluctantly I picked up a rather stupid book and resigned myself to a dull evening.

"Pardon me," said a deep voice, "have you a time table that I could borrow?"

Looking up I found the woman of the hat standing beside me and as I looked at her face I tossed the book onto the opposite seat and moved over to make room for her on the seat beside me with my most inviting air, even while I was telling her that I was sorry that I too had lost my time table. As she sank into the offered seat I noticed how tall and strong she was, rather angular and broad shouldered for a woman, with long arms and muscular hands. But it was the face that attracted me; by no means beautiful, it was too broad and the cheek bones too high for that, but a most interesting face framed by black hair brushed carelessly back from a broad brow, with a large sensitive mouth and glorified by deep-set hazel eyes shining dewily through long lashes and lined about by the little crow's feet that tell of humor

The missing time tables proved a good introduction for we both disliked being without one, and we were soon exchanging confidences on travelling. From sleeping cars and porters the conversation drifted to other things, and soon it came out that she was a nurse and had just come from the Presbyterian Mission Hospital at Teulon way up north of Winnipeg between Lakes Winnipeg and Manitoba. She had gone there more than a year before from Toronto and was brimming with her unusual experiences. When she found that I was really interested, she talked on quietly, simply, apparently unconscious that she herself had done anything remarkable, but with keen appreciation of all the human interest and picturesqueness in the life she had seen

"It is a new country up there," she said, "settled mostly by Galicians and Russian Jews and a few Scotch and English. Most of them have been such a short time in the country that they are still poor and hard working so that the hospital is a great boon to them. It is quite an institution with fifteen beds and three nurses. We are kept pretty busy because it is hard to get help and when we went out it was with the understanding that if we could not get men and women to do the work we would do anything that might be necessary. You see my hands, how battered up they are. Really it was almost dangerous to go into the operating room with such hands, but we could not get a man to take care of the fires so the other assistant nurse and I have been taking turns stoking the furnace and three stoves, all burning wood. Then the Galician women whom we could get to do the scrubbing slopped about and flooded things so that we would rather do it ourselves. It was hard on our hands but such a satisfaction to have everything shining. Of course the Mission Board does not intend to have us do such work, but when you are interested you will do almost anything to make things go

right. Last summer we painted the floors and most of the wood work and it was really lots of fun.

"It's not all scrubbing and painting. There is plenty of professional work and much that is very interesting. Besides the fevers and ordinary illnesses there are a great many gunshot accidents Not long ago a young girl was brought in shot through both thighs. It was several days after the accident but luckily they had applied fresh pork to the wounds and that had protected them from infection from the dirty bandages. That is the trouble with so many of our cases, they are not brought in soon enough and there are many cases of blood poisoning because of the delays. A young Scotch girl picked up a shell and tried to find what it was by prying at it with a hatpin. After the explosion her family kept her at home until her poor hands were in a frightful condition and we almost despaired of saving them. It took six weeks working at them every day to clean them from infection so that the surgeon could operate and, now she is at home again, minus some of her fingers but is quickly learning to do everything with those she has left.

"Yes, it is a sad life. At times it seems as if I could not bear it. Then some funny thing happens and the nurses have a good laugh over it together and we are cheerful again. Then up there in that out-of-the way country there are many interesting things and people to see and they would keep us from being moped even if we were not too busy to have time for such a luxury.

"It is a damp country and the Galicians seem to adapt themselves to the life better than the Scotch and English. They build sod houses, often pretty good sized, and plaster them with mud, smoothing it off carefully on the inside. Then they build a stove out of stones and mud and have a warm and cozy dwelling. Once the doctor and I had driven out twenty miles to see a convalescent patient and on our way back, came to one of these Galician houses where there was a wedding going on. When the door was opened we were greeted by a perfect cloud of steam and the odor was vile. But our curiosity overcame our disgust and in we went intending to stay only a minute. The room was packed with people all dancing madly, the men with their coats off and dressed in shirts, loose trousers and sashes, The ceremony seemed to be over and everyone was absorbed in the strange wild jig. At times the women handed refreshments from the little loft that extended across one end of the house. We were so fascinated by the weird dance that in spite of the foul air we stayed more than an hour

"We were invited to another wedding not long afterwards, a Jewish one this time. First we went to the home of the bride where a feast was spread out on the long table. There were several kinds of wine and quantities of cakes but they were so hard that I could not bite them. The other guests did not seem to have any trouble with them. After eating for about two hours the whole party escorted the bride to the house of the bridegroom. He had provided another feast and again I had to try to bite hard cakes for another two hours. When the eating was at last over the guests were invited to step outside. In the middle of the road a space had been scraped clear of snow and then the real ceremony took place. A very gorgeous canopy was held over the couple and the rabbi during the ceremony, but of course I could not understand anything that was said After it was finished everyone trooped back into the house and began to dance. Oh! how they danced! When we finally left they were still hard at it

"Yes, the Jews up in that part of the country are farmers. You see they come from Russia and have been used to that kind of life, but I think they are the only class of Jews who would live on farms. The others sometimes pretend that they want to take up land so that they can get settlers' rates. But they seldom stay on their homesteads; in a few weeks they are usually to be found wandering through the country with a pack, peddling.

"I tried to learn Little Russian to

help me in my work but it is a terrible language. I wanted especially to talk to the children but fortunately those little Galicians learn English rather easily, much more easily than I learn Russian. The children are our chief comfort. We have three or four at the hospital whom we are bringing up. They are waifs and orphans and so devoted and grateful to us. It is cheerful to have the lively little things about and one or two of them are a real help. There is Anna Strovinska. She is a pretty little thing, looks like a fair haired English child; you would never guess that she was a Galician. She speaks English well and can do all sorts of housework. After school she is always looking for some thing to help us and will cheerfully spend the whole afternoon scrubbing floors. She can make her own dresses and do it well, too. I haven't seen many Canadian girls as quick and forward as that little Galician.

"But Hanka is not like Anna. Poor little thing. Last summer when I was in charge of the hospital, she was brought in with the look of a frightened little animal on her face. Without being told anyone could see that she had been abused and I found that she had ran away from cruel foster parents. I took care of her and petted her and the hunted look has gradually left her face and now she can speak English and goes to school. She is not pretty, has the typical Galician features, broad and rather flat with heavy cheek bones and long yet tip tilted nose. She was always very, very quiet and never showed any emotion so I wondered if she would care when I went away. To our great surprise she burst into a flood of tears and cried, and cried, and when she heard the others saying how sorry they were to have me leave, she turned on them quite fiercely; 'Perhaps you are sorry to have her go,' she said, 'but you cannot know what it means to me.' I felt so badly that I could hardly keep from taking her with me. Poor little Hanka!"

As she spoke of her little charge the nurse's eyes gazed fixedly into space and looked suspiciously dewy. Then she pulled herself together and asked anxiously about the trains out of St. Paul the next morning, betraying that she was as timid about travelling alone as she was brave and resourceful in the face of trouble and disease. To her it was a real undertaking to get from Winnipeg to Toronto by way of Chicago, but a very simple thing to paint floors, work day after day at a neglected wound, or by patient kindness awaken the mind and win the love of a little, brutish, unattractive child.

Before she left me I asked her if she expected to go back to Teulon. "Not at present anyway. I am going to take a graduate course in New York. I want to learn some of the newest things in surgery. But—I loved the work at Teulon."

As she said good night and I looked up into her strong, sweet face I was not surprised that little Galician Hanka felt that no one could measure her sorrow at losing her beloved nurse.

Adventures in a Garden

THE CIRCUS.

By Mary Livingston.

ARCHIBALD leaned on the low gate at the foot of the garden, dejectedly kicking the pebbles out of the path. There was nothing to do

The warm March sun had attacked his snow fort and it had fallen. He gazed at the ruins through a mist of tears, thinking of the hundreds of thousands of Indians he and Little Honey had repulsed from behind its trusty walls

[illegible] would never go home [illegible] Mary [illegible] Mary was having [illegible] Sister [illegible] tiniest bit of dough.

There was nothing to do.

Lordy it were [illegible] marbles and [illegible] He knew just where his bag of marbles was But his mother had said [illegible] He had the necessaries for a circus ready too, the paper hoops and—

Archibald was seized with a tremendous inspiration.

He tore down the [illegible] Honey.'

'Hi, Archie,' [illegible] window.

"Hurry up and come out I know [illegible]

A little later he was [illegible] Honey trudging happily after him

"What we goin' to do, Archie?"

'We're going to give a [illegible] Little Honey's comment took the form of a gleeful gurgle. Archibald [illegible] delightedly

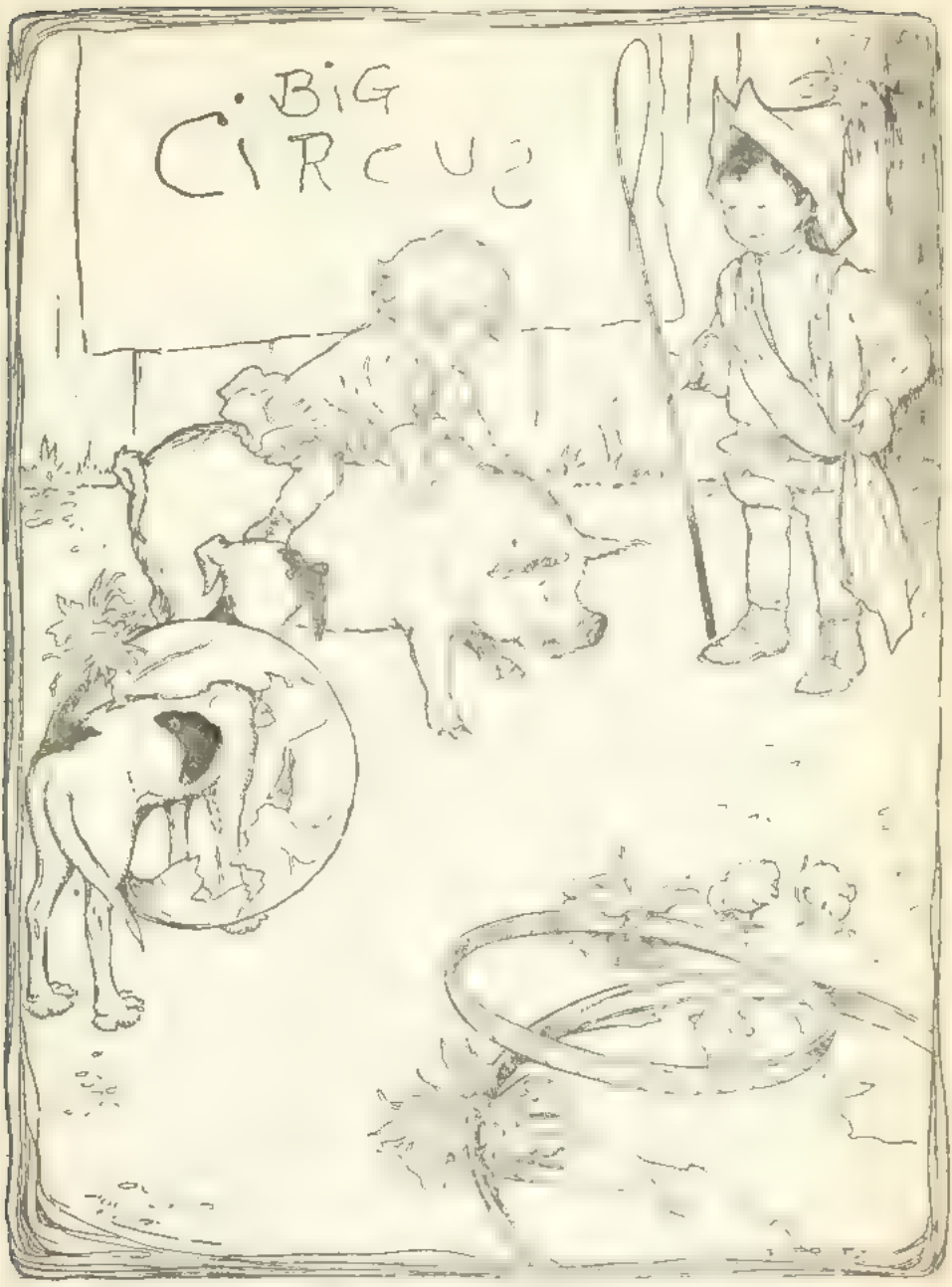
'No, Little Honey, I'm going to be the [illegible] the middle [illegible] going to be the lovely lady that does the riding.'

Little Honey's next remark was a trifle tremulous. 'Old Jim won't [illegible] Little Honey can't stand on one foot on Old Jim."

"There's no use in a fellow tryin' to do anything with girls, anyway," cried Archibald. Then he [illegible] something that suggested a compromise.

'Now Little Honey, there's what we're going to do. There's Jenny over by the fence. Stand by the [illegible] You can ride on her and then if you fall you won't have far to go."

"Jenny dess a pig," demurred Little Honey, "I don't want to wide a pig." Then she brightened up. 'I'll wide Pwince" she announced.



OLD JENNY MADE NO OBJECTION

She bobbed her head and opened her eyes as wide as she could in her effort to convince Archie of the friendliness of her intentions. Archibald ignored her objections and continued, "The old rooster will ride on Princes' back. Who'd ever pay a penny to see a girl ride on a dog's back. That's nothing. But you don't often see a rooster ride on a dog's back. That'll be worth seeing."

"Ain't Little Honey worth seeing?" she demanded.

Archibald recognized the need of diplomacy.

"Little Honey was worth [illegible] worth seeing riding on a pig than just on a dog"

[illegible] in good stead. He did not have long to wait to get the results from this flattery

"Little Honey wide old Jenny tannin' on one feet," she answered with decision

This exceeded his expectations.

"[illegible] your baby brother and you bring that old rag doll and the other one that hasn't any arm and the new one—

Archibald got no further, Little Honey stamped an angry foot.

"[illegible] I don't [illegible] I'm doin' home wite now."

"Little Honey, [illegible] don't [illegible]

"I [illegible] you;" then at a sign of relenting, "I'm going to run in after 'em now. Just wait a minute"

He disappeared into the house and returned in a very brief space [illegible] carried a sign with the word "circus" printed in straggling letters, and in the other, three hoops gayly decorated with tissue paper flowers

[illegible] made of going home.

"Archie 'oo look so pitty," she gurgled.

[illegible]

The time had arrived when the equestrienne was to mount her steed

"[illegible] "We'll get Jenny."

Old Jenny was munching her corn cobs contentedly in her favorite corner of the barn yard, and made no objection when Little Honey, urged by Archibald and assisted with many boosts, finally got upon her back.

"Now, then," said the ring master, "make her go Little Honey!" and he waved his long whip in true circus style.

[illegible] upon her back. Away she went at a speed never intended by showman. [illegible]

They scrambled to their feet and looked at each other.

"Are you hurt, little Honey?" said the showman as soon as he had his breath.

"No, Archie, I isn't hurt but I tan't wide on one feet. I tried awfu' hard to stay [illegible]

Archibald brushed off her dress for her. He was somewhat shaken himself but Little Honey was a girl

"[illegible] "Course I'm not hurt now," she answered much comforted by the praise.

Archibald watched the little figure trudging away.

It [illegible] his pride [illegible]

The Homesteaders

By Jessie Beckton

Illustrations by F. D. Schwalm

SYNOPSIS OF "THE HOMESTEADERS"

Joan Tremayne and her two brothers, left dependent upon relatives by the death of their father, have left their English home and [illegible] as homesteaders. At the little town which is as near their land as the [illegible] them they are introduced to their nearest neighbor, Mac Ireton. He has come in with a load and offers to help them to carry their goods and to find their section posts.

CHAPTER II.

THE next morning we set busily to work to complete our purchases. We had decided to buy only bare necessaries to start with, but to get them good, so that they might do for the house afterwards; so instead of camp and trestle beds as we were advised, we bought strong neat ones of iron with springs affixed, and good mattresses and pillows. Two plain sets of white ware and two looking glasses. Dressing tables and washstands we should be able to make out of the wooden cases in which our things were packed. To the beds were added a strong deal table and four chairs. A stove with the usual accompaniment of kettle, baking tins, saucepans, and frying pans, graniteware teapot, a plain dinner service which included tea cups and saucers, and a set of graniteware jugs. A house broom and scrubbing brushes, and a couple of pails, completed the list. Our smaller groceries we had packed in a wooden case, buying the tea by the chest, coffee by the cannister, sugar by the barrel, and butter and lard by the tub. Two large sides of bacon, three bags of flour, a keg of syrup, and a couple of tins of plain biscuits, were, we considered, enough to start on, having little or no storage room and knowing that within a distance of ten miles all necessary articles of food could be procured from the settlement store.

The third morning saw us wending our way across the great plain, Mr. Ireton leading, his wagon piled high with our goods, halting now and again to allow our more slow going ponderous oxen to keep up with his horses. And so we made our first real acquaintance with the prairies. I thought of the depressing old gentleman in the car. "You will find no beauty there" he had said. Why the place was full of beauty, a loveliness of its own. Overhead hung an immense arc of cloudless azure sky, that reflected itself in the many little sloughs dotted about, around on every side lay the motionless green prairie, bathed in a flood of intense soft sunshine, rolling away in long swelling sweeps to the far blue grey horizon, unbroken save by the groups of bluff or bushwood, and the reed bordered sloughs on which the wild fowl floated lazily, too indifferent to our approach to rise from the water, or seek shelter in the tall green reeds. Silent and motionless, it spreads before us, no trees, no singing birds, no sign of human life, except in the region of the farms which grew fewer and farther apart as we travelled on. Mile after mile we followed the long serpentine trail, that wound its sinuous way across the great flat prairie, until in the shelter of a tall bluff, Mr. Ireton coming to a standstill called a halt. Here, whilst the teams were "unhitched' and allowed to feed off the short upland grass, we rested ourselves and brought out our luncheon. Driving in a light buggy, the journey out to the settlement, Mr. Ireton told us,

was a matter of a few hours only, but with loads and oxen, we should not arrive there until the following afternoon. For the night we should put up at one of the stopping houses kept by those living near the trail who were glad to make a living, not only by their farms, but by taking in such travellers as wished to stop on the road. It was drawing on to the close of the afternoon and the sun was already sinking to the West in a flood of gorgeous splendor, whilst the prairie had donned the purple robe of evening. When we drew up in front of the little homestead in which we were to spend the night, and asked for accommodation for man and beast, I was taken indoors by a rather hard featured, toil worn, but pleasant looking woman, whilst the men went with the teams to the stable. Bidding me 'make myself at home,' she at once commenced preparations for the evening meal, bustling to and fro from the front to the back kitchen, and plying me in a high pitched voice, with a multitude of questions, put in such a straightforward, natural way that within a very short time of my entrance she was in possession of most of the details of my family history. Apparently satisfied, she proceeded to give me her own.

"And how long have you been living here?" I asked, wishing to make myself agreeable, and thinking that perhaps a similar system of questioning might be [illegible] and formed part of prairie etiquette.

"We came up about fifteen years ago, but it seems more like thirty" she said.

"Do you like the life? Has it been very hard?" I asked again, sympathetically regarding her worn face on which years of toil and hardship were plainly marked, and wondering how much, and how long it would take to grow the long lines above and beneath my eyes that so plentifully besprinkled hers.

"It's none so bad," she said, "at least not now, that we are getting on a bit, but it was hard at first. Then when we had built our house and were getting a bit comfortable, we got burnt out. But we've done better lately, and the children are growing up and getting to be a help. Then, too, the stock is coming on nicely and we've managed to put up plenty of good buildings for them, and," she concluded, putting the big dish of ham and eggs she had been frying on the table as the door opened and the men came in, "what we have is our own, and no man's our master."

The meal was the simplest, but the bacon was well cooked, the cakes and pies fresh and crisp, and with the delicious homemade bread and butter, no one could but be satisfied.

In the pioneer days, travellers, I was told, shared the general sleeping room of the family or at best a corner divided off by a curtain of cretonne. But things have progressed since then, and it was in quite a comfortable little bedroom that I spent the night, though Peter described theirs as more primitive, and scant of furniture

CHAPTER III.

The rest of the journey next day was very like the beginning only that now long stretches of bare prairies lay between the homesteads, and that towards noon we came in sight of the long blue line of timbered hill that had been pointed out to us by the agent as an object of advantage in the choosing of the land The "bluffs" grew higher too, and in larger groups, until as we drew near to the settlement we might have been driving through a pretty park land with sheets of ornamental water here and there. Mr. Ireton, on whose wagon I travelled the second day, indicated with his whip, what looked like a collection of rather large dots in front of us and told me that was the Town

"Everything is a Town out here" he said, "and if it consists of more than a dozen houses, has a couple of stores, and a railway station it becomes a City."

"But we shall not touch there to-day," he added; "we turn off here to the right. This trail runs past my section at the foot of the timber."

"Have you been here long?" I asked

"About three years," he answered. "I wonder what you will think of it all," he said looking down at me with a little smile, "we will try to make it easier for you, but I am afraid you will find it rather rough and hard."

"Perhaps I shall," I said, smiling back at him, "but I shall have Dick and Peter, and now we have found a friend in you it seems ever so much brighter and better."

"I wonder what made you think of coming out," he said. "Were you bitten with the land agents' bright promises, 'a free life, a merry one and a large fortune?'"

"No, I think not," I said laughing, "it was more as a last resource. We had so little money, and there was nothing for us to do in England, and by coming out here, we could live together. But of course we hope to make our farm a success even if we do not make a fortune. People give us such conflicting accounts we hardly know what to expect or believe."

"Expect nothing and believe little. I daresay there is a living to be made of it, but I can't say I have done much toward it so far," said Mr. Ireton, and I thought there was a note of bitterness in his voice, "but with you it may be different, women have the power of creating a home out of so little; a man can't, and without the home element he gets to think that nothing matters, one way or the other. It is a lonely life when you are working by yourself."

"But," I asserted, "you are not going to work alone any more now, and we will try together to make a great success of things. We are so ignorant about everything and you can teach us so much; in return we will try to make your life more comfortable and happy."

"That is a bargain then," he said looking very pleased. "I little thought I was in for such a stroke of good luck when I left home."

There was something about Mr. Ireton that from the first had inspired in us all three a friendly confidence to which we were not always prone. Some people make friends so easily, but, as a rule, we did not, so it was with something of astonishment that we found ourselves drifting into a friendship within a few days that would usually have taken as many months to cement. I have heard of climatic and atmospheric conditions influencing one's likes and dislikes and that our own dull climate is answerable for much of our insular reserve.

In the new land of space, freedom, and sunshine, some of this feeling to which we had been bred may insensibly have been already swept away, in our strangeness and loneliness we may have been more ready to grasp an outstretched hand of friendship, but I think it was as much the man himself that had so won upon us. There was about him a quiet manliness and strength and take-it-for-granted style of giving aid without reasons or protestations to which we succumbed without question, and now as we travelled on over the quiet prairie towards the little wild spot which was all we could claim as 'home' in all the wide, wide world, it was with a quaint feeling of home going that we drew nearer to the long timber covered hill and saw a little, low log house, squatting stolidly with its back to the bluffs, looking blankly out at us, without even the spiral smoke appearing from its tin chimney that gives a cheerful aspect to even closed doors.

"Here we are," said Mr. Ireton, throwing the reins on the horses' backs as they, knowing their journey was at an end, pulled up. "It is not much of a place, but such as it is you are very welcome to it until a more comfortable one can be made ready." As he spoke he was lifting me down from the high spring seat, and together we turned to greet Dick and Peter who were close behind.

Dick looked very ruefully at me, as, the door having been unlocked, we stepped into the little room into which it directly opened, and at first I felt seized with an untimely mirth as I surveyed this quaint specimen of a home, but as I thought of the generous proffer that had been made to us of the owner's all, and pictured the life this man of undeniable culture and breeding led in this bare and unluxurious place, my eyes welled up with tears that I, dreading the others might see and misunderstand, turned away my head to hide.

It looked a degree more cheerful when the fire had been lit for the boiling of a kettle, and the window set open to let in the soft full evening light, but noth-

ing could disguise the dreary bare walls, the uncovered flooring and scant wooden furniture. The most pathetic touch was, I thought, a little group of photographs tacked upon the logs Portraits of a fine soldierly looking man in a Colonel's uniform, a handsome matronly woman, a young girl in a pretty evening gown, and a smart little nuddy, a younger brighter edition of the man beside me. It was he that created the pathos, the dulness and discomfort of his surroundings contrasting with the evident luxury of theirs

'They are my people," he said, seeing me looking over at them. "I wonder what they would think of their present setting, it is not a very cheerful one, is it?"

Not very " I assented, "but we are very grateful to you for giving us shelter and you must let me try to make it more comfortable for you. I have brought out a number of pretty things which we may as well use, as you are good enough to give us and them houseroom."

If it was bare it was scrupulously clean, upstairs and down, and when they had unpacked my little iron bed, and given me a box for a washstand and another for a dressing table, I felt the luxury of once more having a bedroom I could call my own. It was all very funny, and we had no time for sentiment. The teams had to be fed and watered and the wagons partially unloaded before we could rest and assuage our alarmingly keen appetites.

When at last we did sit down it was to quite a cheery meal, set out on a clean white sheet in lieu of a tablecloth, whilst I poured the tea from a gigantic graniteware teapot of a slightly battered appearance but capable of making as excellent a brew as the most elaborate article in silver. Tired and perhaps a little overwrought with my many strange experiences, I was glad to retire early to my little attic bedroom, quickly falling asleep and remembering nothing more until I awoke to find a flood of summer sunshine, to hear Peter singing and whistling outside, and Dick calling to me up the steep narrow stair.

We had a long talk that morning, Dick, Peter and I as we strolled over the short green turf, and walked proudly round our property discussing the present and the future.

"It was a lucky chance for us," said Dick, "when we got to know Mac. I suppose we should have got along somehow like everyone else that comes out here, but he is such a thoroughly good fellow, and such a splendid help in every way. Then too, it is so much better for Joan to have a room to sleep in and a roof over head, instead of being in a tent all summer "

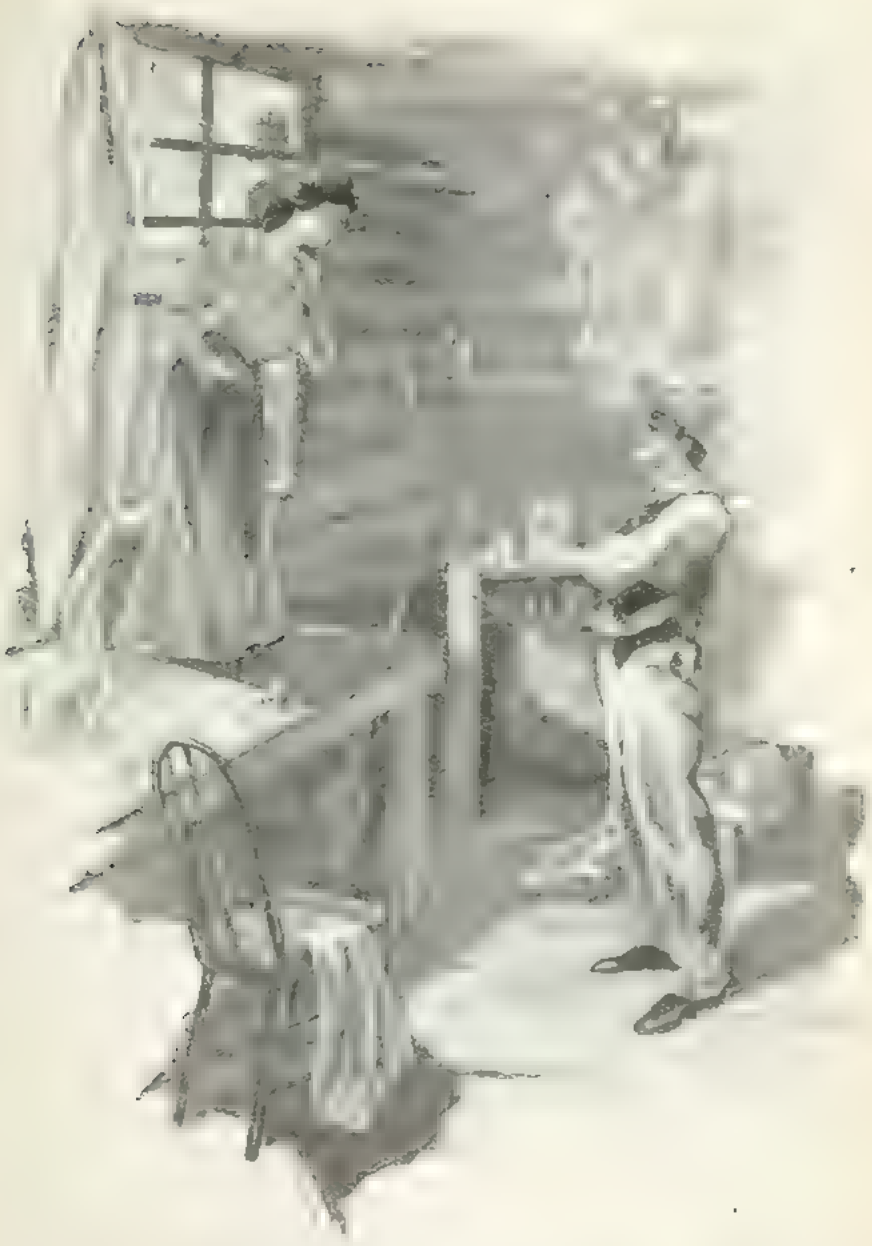
'I suppose we shall cut down some trees and build a house at once," I said.

"Well as to that I am not sure," said Dick, ' Mac advises us not to be in too great a hurry. Next month he will begin haying and he thinks we should be wiser to go in with him and put up some hay first for the oxen. He says we had better build of lumber instead of logs, people seldom use them now. So Joan you must wait for your house a bit and be grateful for your present quarters."

CHAPTER IV.

As I was to spend the summer and perhaps the autumn in Mr Ireton's house, I determined to give it a more comfortable and homelike air, and that afternoon as soon as he and Dick had gone to make arrangements for the building of the shanty, and Peter who had been left behind as bodyguard had betaken himself outside for a better arrangement of our goods, I ran up the little ladder-like stairway and commenced a seach for such household fineries as I had packed in my own particular boxes. Hammer and nails I found downstairs and hard at work I spent my afternoon. When Peter came in to see how I fared he found me standing on the table, which I had drawn to the window, struggling with a drapery of Liberty muslin, hammering my fingers as much as the nails, in my effort to give that bare unblinking little casement a more reasonable and softer appearance.

' Well I'm blowed," exclaimed Peter inelegantly, contemplating my elevated



"WELL, I'M BLOWED," EXCLAIMED PETER IN ELEGAN[illegible] TEMPLE [illegible] ATED POSITION AND F[illegible]SHED FACE

position and flushed face. "What are you up to? It looks a jolly sight more comfortable but I say, Joan, what will Ireton say to your turning his place inside out like this?"

"He will be delighted," I declared with conviction, "and besides he has told me to do as I liked and to make myself at home: now how can anyone feel at home staring out of a curtainless window or on four bare walls. I am going to cover that shelf over there with this cretonne and hang up some photographs and pictures. I have found a baize cloth for the table and a white one for meals. Then with some books about and some flowers we shall look much more cosy."

I was arranging my flowers, great sprays of orange red lilies and waving grasses that I had gathered from the bluffs when Dick and Mr. Ireton came in

"What have you been doing, Joan?" asked Dick as they stood staring in upon me and my transformation.

"You told me to make myself at home," I said, turning to Mr. Ireton, "So I tried to do my best."

"Who would have thought," he said, surveying my handiwork, and the quite homelike aspect of the little room, "that so little could make such a difference. It is generally said that man makes the home and the woman keeps it. I should say the men really provide the material." He went out presently begging us not to wait supper for him, and a few minutes later I saw him driving away in the direction of the town. When he had gone I made Dick and Peter unpack the china we had brought, and bring it into me. The case itself, turned on end did duty as a dresser, and when I had tacked a piece of cretonne over the front it became a saucepan cupboard as well. So eager was I to set the supper table with the clean white cloth and the new china that long before the usual time everything was in readiness, and I went out to call the boys to see how pretty and fresh it all looked.

In the middle of our admiring survey Peter asked, "And what have you got for supper? We can't satisfy our appetites on china." Blankly I looked from one to the other vainly seeking inspiration from their grinning faces. It was all very well to be pretty and dainty but there must be something more substantial, and up till now I had had no experience with kettles and saucepans or the cooking of food. I had watched Mr. Ireton the evening before frying the bacon and eggs; it looked such a simple thing to do,that I thought we might manage that dish at any rate and though I cannot truthfully say it presented the same delicate crispness and am bound to confess that the yolks of the eggs had a tendency to turn a somersault into the whites, it was eatable and to our hungry appetites very palatable.

So busily engaged were we, the boys teasing me about my first essay in cookery and I, in defending myself, pointing out to them that after all they had cleared the dish and left nothing for the owner of the house, that we heard nothing of the wagon returning or the opening of the door until Mr. Ireton's voice broke in on our slightly uproarious mirth. He was standing in the doorway his usually rather set face, alight with pleased surprise.

"Well you do look jolly and comfortable" he said, still standing there. "I can hardly believe that I am not dreaming, that I shall not wake presently to find myself sitting in miserable solitude once more." And then he began pulling something into the room, a pretty little rocking chair, of white cane, which he brought round to my side, saying in his quiet straightforward way, "I thought you would be more comfortable in an easier chair than these, so I got this from the store, I heard they had some in."

I did not know how to thank him but I think he knew how pleased I was and how much touched by this one more evidence of his goodness to us.

When the supper table had been cleared, the dishes washed and put away, I carried my work to my little rocking chair and sat and listened to the men as they talked and smoked.

"What brought you out?" Dick asked of Mr. Ireton after awhile—

"The usual thing I suppose," he answered, "wasted school days, too much cricket and football, bossed exams and an irate parent. I left home with £200 and my father's blessing, and came out here. Got as far as Winnipeg, and diminished my capital to about half in seeing the country from the standpoint of one of the best hotels in the city. One evening as I strolled in for a game of billiards I ran up against old Major Carlyon who had come up on business. It turned out he had known my father, and we chummed at once. He asked me what I was doing and my prospects in the country. After I had told him he gave me a pretty straight talking to. 'You are like the majority of young Englishmen that come out here,' he said, 'they imagine they have the ball at their feet and can stoop at any time that it suits them to pick it up. To tell you the truth I have small patience with men who send their sons unbefriended out to the Colonies with a salve-conscience in the shape of a sum of money that in nine cases out of twelve does more harm than good. The lad is probably straight from a luxurious home, not long emancipated from school discipline and with little experience of life. He comes out with just enough cash to waste and an expensive outfit; knowing no one and nothing of the country, its ways, or climate, and absolutely ignorant of the work he has set out to make his living by. He thinks he has only to offer himself, to find work at once, but, my dear fellow, the self-sustaining fact of his being an Englishman does not alter the other of his being a greenhorn, both ignorant of work and utterly unsuited to the drudgery of farm life. Take my advice, button up your pockets and get to work, anything you can find to do. Hire out for your board if nothing better offers and learn something of a homesteader's life, before you settle on land of your own.'

"In the end I came down here and got a job with Bradley at ten dollars a month and my board. He said he supposed I could get twenty dollars but he could not afford to give it to me, and candidly speaking I wasn't worth more. I remained with him a year, and took up this half section. In my spare time I got my house and stable up. Then I bought my team, wagon and plough and with a few necessaries came on to my own land. I can't say I have made much of a success of it as yet, but last year's crop turned out very fairly well, and I have double the amount in this."

"Are you going in for wheat growing only?" Dick asked.

"Only until I can afford to buy stock: mixed farming is less risky; if anything happens to your crop, you have the other thing to fall back upon.

"What would you advise us to do?" Dick asked again.

"You are too late for anything like seeding," Mr. Ireton said, "but you could break on for a bit, start your house and stable and then join me in the haymaking. You will want hay for your oxen and you say you must have a cow. If we have time we can put up more than we shall need and sell it. You might put in enough potatoes on your breaking to see you through the winter. There is really little to be done the first year but settle, build, and break. You must either have sufficient money to live on for the first twelve months or hire out."

Then we fell to discussing our mode of life for the summer, and in the end it was arranged that they should work more or less in partnership, that I should continue to use Mr. Ireton's one and only bedroom, whilst he and the two boys slept in the shanty which was to be run up close to the house and that we should use the living room conjointly. Our house was to be of lumber and would have to be put up by experienced hands, although there was much they could help in the building.

CHAPTER V.

And so we began our prairie life, and through the long warm summer days and the cool nights drank in the beautiful prairie air and attuned ourselves to our wild yet simple surroundings. Never a twinge of homesickness did I feel as I went about my daily household

tasks or wandered over the short crisp turf, gathering the many beautiful flowers which grew everywhere, looking up to the cloudless sky and down into the little sloughs, watching the wild fowl and listening to the soft swift flight of the whistlewing as it flashed overhead in the still evening air, or gazing dreamily out over the silent sombre prairie, faintly lit by the myriad stars; not once did I long for the old country and the old life. My home was here with Dick and Peter. I was more than content. There was plenty of work, and often physical weariness, but the men took the roughest and hardest from me and in that pure, buoyant air it was possible to endure three times as much as in our murkier home atmosphere. By four o'clock, with my tiny realm swept and garnished, myself changed into a pretty fresh gown and the teacups on the table, I felt less tired than I had often done in the old days after an afternoon of tennis or worse still of doing nothing.

Afternoon tea became quite an institution, the men dropping in naturally in their flannel shirts and overalls, very glad of the excuse of a break in the long afternoon, a short rest and a fragrant cup of tea. When they had gone back again to their work, I took my rocking chair to the open doorway, and rested quietly, looking out over the great silent prairie world, dreaming dreams, of the present and the future.

At the back of the little farm rose the timber line, a dense collection of not over big birch and poplars and brush wood, sheltering us from the high winds which sometimes roted boisterously over the boundless space. In front the ground sloped gradually through a maze of bluffs, both large and small, to the plains, which stretched in rolling sweeps to the far faint horizon, and on which the homesteads of the settlers lay like ships at anchor on a green brown sea. In the center a collection of smaller dots marked the small town, which consisted of the little church, the school house, the general store which mothered the post office, the hotel, blacksmith's shop and land offices, and the few dwelling houses of those whose business held them there.

This was our world, shut off from the rest of it by many a mile of trail and lone prairie land, pleasant enough to travel over in the sweet crisp sunshine of summer. To us the mails came twice a week, with the home letters, papers, and news of outside humanity.

Was it any wonder that engrossed by farm and household works and cares we came after a time to think these all important? That great events reached us as dull echoes to be passed lightly over, in view of some unusual local gaiety or pressing anxiety! We had come out too late for the spring work, it being the very end of May when we arrived, but there was plenty to do and everything to learn. Dick and Peter knew no more of farming than I of housework, and at times our minds misgave us that we had taken too much on ourselves considering the issue which lay in our success or failure.

(To be continued)

The Holiday West

By Arthur Hawkes

WHEN from the most spacious rotunda in North America, you watch a moccasined Indian and his beast of burden crossing a wide street, into a wholesale district of high, massive warehouses, you know you are close to the vanguard, while you enjoy the choice amenities of civilization.

You are in Winnipeg, and you wonder how far Winnipeg is from the Indian in his unspoiled glory. In time the city is twenty-five years from the residential tepee. In mileage—well, the Indian is never far from where you sit. But his glory does not flourish in trousers, and the devotion of his squaw is not picturesque when you see it alongside beauteous specimens of Womanhood Emancipate

Not long ago a friend desired to have his much-loved birch-bark canoe repaired; and thereto hired a red craftsman to come from beyond St. Boniface, to his boathouse on the Assiniboine. The Indian brought his spouse, indulgently watched her skilful hands as she mended the broken canoe pitched it inside and out, and tested it in the stream that has itself become civilized almost to the point of odorous turbidity. He received the money she earned—hers was the joy of service efficiently performed

The grace of wifely subjection remains in circles that long since adopted many of the less lovely attributes of intricate society kind. Fifty miles away a masculine subjection to white commonplace was exemplified the other day. For three decades the Indians have been accustomed to dance before the inhabitants of Portage la Prairie

But in November, 1907, the Sun Dance was prohibited. Portage la Prairie has become a railway centre,

and therefore, a city with expectations that will not tolerate the splendors of barbarism.

Go northwest from Portage la Prairie and you will discover the best of what is left of pioneering prairie life. For invigoration of air, for days of splendid sunlight and nights of cool repose: for the spell of awe that comes when the sky reddens in the West, and the unbounded sweep of verdant plain, seems to be going down into the Valley of the Shadow (though you know there will be an inspiriting resurrection in the morning); for an indescribable elation of mind, and an unsuspected detachment of outlook over a distant, vexatious world, I know of nothing to equal an invasion by buggy and team of some part of this new and old West

Here you see the prosperous farmer, finely housed; his barns crowded with beasts; and his granaries filled with the produce of his spreading acres. Nearby is the sod shack of the novitiate in conquest of a virgin soil; reminding the other of what he was; and fortifying himself with sight, an example of what he may become. Adjacent to both is the infant town: its elevators telling of cultivation and abundant increase; its churches and eminent school giving promise of what is to come, here and hereafter. The railway found a dreary solitude and made it a heartsome prosperity.

So going, you come to the Saskatchewan—either at Clark's Crossing, where was a great camp, in the life of the Last Rebellion; or at Fenton Bridge, approaching Prince Albert.

There is no bridge across the Saskatchewan below the Forks, where the North and South branches meet, thirty miles from Fenton. Herein is a characteristic of this Western subcontinent. The railways occupy the wheat-growing country. Just beyond their frontiers is the territory where the senior half of the Hudson's Bay Company—the fur trading half that was founded by Charles II. in 1670, and has not been superseded by the modern half that keeps department stores, and sells farming land and town sites—is a secondary Providence to the Indians, who hunt that they may live, and that less hardy travellers, on biting days, may be clad in blessed fur.

Across the Saskatchewan there is abundance of timber. Across the Saskatchewan, too, at Prince Albert, there is a band of Indians not nourished by the Canadian Treasury, for they are refugees from the United States, progeny of fathers who could tell of Custer's last fight, and of atrocities that star-spangled Justice does not forget. Five hundred miles up the river is Edmonton, quiet now, and only for a little while the northern-most city of agricultural Canada. It is the present western terminus of the Canadian Northern land the first contact point with steam locomotion for the dwellers in an easily accessible land that stretches two thousand miles towards the Arctic Circle. For five hundred miles there are wheat-growing summers, and winters happily tempered by Pacific winds, genialized in their passage over the Japan current. There are asphalt deposits of remarkable heat-resisting power, coal in plenitude, oil waiting to be tapped, and gold finer than Yukon gold.

Many promises of Charm you see from the train; but Charm, herself, resides in the lakes that hide behind the apparently impenetrable hills The canoe is the supplement and the superior of the train, for it brings you where you can see the stately moose feeding in the water; catch glimpses of the white flag of the red deer, as he flees from contact with armed intelligence, and watch the exemplary beaver cutting down the best barked birch and hauling it to his architectural masterpiece

I can take you to a luxurious hunting lodge and show you a breeding farm of silver foxes. I can introduce you to the forest Indian who has added to the mystery of mediaevalism an incipient commercialism that is as yet almost harmless. If you are an angler I can take you to Nirvana, and bring you back laden with newly slain minnows of your peace.

Presently the pomps and elegances of summer-resorting will invade the Seine River, Clearwater Lake, and all the regions round about. A New York artist, familiar with the summer ways of Affluence, wrote to me, after seeing a little of this country: "I wonder the railway people don't make some resort up there, right away. There is nothing like it in all America."

vear there will be a new and direct service from Duluth to Fort Francis and Winnipeg, and, like the first-rate trains, with Pullmans and unexcelled dining service that accommodate the business men who travel extensively between Eastern and Western Canada.

The Pullman brings you, at Winnipeg, near the Indian whose squaw is apt at mending canoes, and into the

MANY PROMISES OF CHARM YOU SEE FROM THE TRAIN

But the railway people have had so much wheat to haul out and so much wheat-growing territory to open up that they have postponed, to a more convenient season, campaigns intended to bring the mere sojourn into this elemental heritage of isolated content. Wherein is the opportunity for those whom the crowd follows. For this

metropolis which is the first fruits of the re-creation of the Great Lone Land. The Canadian Northern can put you down on the frontier of the most spacious, the most seductive holiday ground that a seasoned traveller need long to see.

* * *

And now, look East a little, nearly half of North America is only a geographical abstraction to all but the really intrepid voyagers. A little while ago it was inaccessible, except at an expenditure of time that few would choose to incur. But the Farthest North of yesterday is near the south to-day. Canada, instead of being widely regarded as the American stronghold of eternal snow, is increasingly known as one of the best summer countries in the world

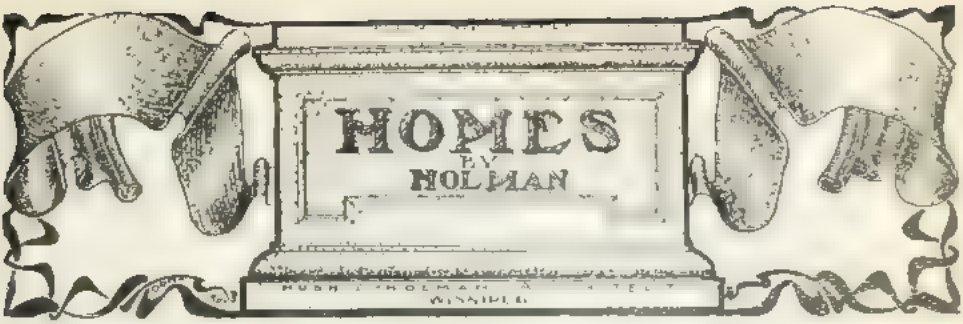
There is conjunction of beauty and commerce in this revelation of Canada. The most remarkable product of Twentieth Century Canada is her youngest railway system—the Canadian Northern—which, since 1897, has grown from 100 miles of track, in a newly opened corner of Manitoba to over 4,000 miles in half a dozen provinces, of which about 3,200 miles are west of Lake Superior

Every yard of every mile of Canadian Northern rails beyond the Great Lakes is a strictly business yard. Curiously enough, though this remarkable line is the most northerly agricultural railway on the continent, it was built with cheaper money than any railway between the Gulf of Mexico and the forty-ninth parallel

Beauty is singularly obligated to commerce in this triumph of transportation. From the days when the French paddled across unnumbered lakes in search of a passage to China, until Lord Wolseley's Red River Expedition in 1870, the Great Lone Land was reached by the water route from the present Fort William to the Red River. The Canadian Northern virtually follows the abandoned course, and traverses a rare profusion of scenery in woodland, rockland, river and lake

The Kakabeka Falls, on the Kaministiqua, are deeper than Niagara Rainy Lake is superb for summering—clearest water, finest fish, loveliest islands, delightfullest shade. At Fort Frances the Hudson's Bay factors have bought furs for a hundred and fifty years. The Rainy River—an Anglo Saxon corruption of "La Reine" the Queen of Rivers—which bounds Ontario, and Minnesota, is a noble stream, filled with logs, flanked with settlers; and emerging, fourteen miles below the station, into the Lake of the Woods, whose scenic splendor has never been half expressed

THERE IS A RARE CONJUNCTION OF BEAUTY AND COMMERCE IN THE REVELATION OF CANADA



THE residence here illustrated is specially designed for the average family of moderate means and will recommend itself to those who wish the maximum amount of comfort in their home life. It has many good features as will be seen from the following description:

The entrance is through a vestibule to a living-room which has a fireplace and mantel of brick, adding very much to the appearance as well as the comfort and convenience; there is an alcove in this room furnished with seats and making a very cozy arrangement. All the details of the room are in the best taste, which is equally true of the rest of the house.

Some great architect has said that the room in which a family lives indicates the character of the family "Show me a man's living room—some of the books he reads and the chair he sits in—and I will tell you what kind of a man he is," these were the words he used, and the architect who used them knew human nature. In every home there should be some one room which serves quite another purpose than that served by a parlor. It is the room in which the family *lives*, the room in which the family altar, figuratively speaking, is set up.

From the living-room an arch leads into the stair-hall. The stair is well worthy of note for although so prominent and easy of access from the front of the house it is also easily accessible from the kitchen and dining-room. A large coat closet opens from this hall

The fact that mistress or maid can reach the front entrance of the house directly from the kitchen without passing through any other room is an important feature

The kitchen is large [illegible] ed, the pantry is light and roomy. The kitchen, pantry and dining-room are in ideal relation to one another and could not be more conveniently arranged.

While all the rooms in the house are pleasant the dining-room is perhaps the most so—and most people prefer this to be the case. It is large and light and opens with French windows on a porch.

Special attention should be paid to this porch which is enclosed with glass and makes a very delightful summer dining-room. A door from the pantry to the porch renders the serving of meals there a perfectly easy thing. This arrangement practically adds another room to the building.

The stair to the basement also forms the stair from the side entrance to the ground floor. This combination idea is very convenient and conducive to the saving of many steps

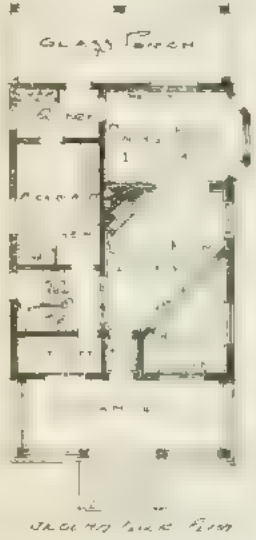
On the second floor there are four large bed-rooms all very light, and with large closets off each. The bathroom is of good size.

The basement is as carefully planned for economy of room and convenience as the rest of the house It has a concrete floor and it contains a soft-water tank, a furnace, fuel-bins and a cellar for vegetables

The exterior design of the house is neat and artistic and the entire building is very attractive and homelike

The cost of building this house using thoroughly good materials, would be $3,500.00

A MODERATE PRICED HOME



THE FLOOR PLANS

CHESTNUTS AND CHEESE

LOOKING AHEAD.

WHEN Mr. Jones's seventh son was born, there was great rejoicing. Two or three days after the event, one of the neighbors, meeting Tommy, the eldest son, asked if he were not sorry that his baby brother was not a baby sister.

Tommy shook his head.

"No ma'am, not me!" he replied with great decision. "Y' see we're tryin' for a baseball nine."

THE MILD REPROOF.

A CLERGYMAN had been for some time displeased with the quality of milk served him. At length he determined to remonstrate with his milkman for supplying such weak stuff. He began mildly:

"I've been wanting to see you in regard to the quality of milk with which you are serving me."

"Yes, sir," uneasily answered the tradesman.

"I only wanted to say," continued the minister, "that I use the milk for drinking purposes exclusively, and not for christening."

INHOSPITABLE.

WHY, Johnny," said Mrs. Muggins, "what are you doing here? Is Willie's party over?"

"Nome," blubbered Johnny. "But the minute I got inside the house Willie's father told me to make myself at home, and I came."

NEED OF SILENCE.

BOSS—Hoy Mike; what ye be sthandin' there idle a wastin' o' the company's good time for?

Mike—Whish; Whish! It's meself I've just been askin' phware I laid me pipe an' now I'm a listenin' fer ther answer.

A SURE GO.

ANXIOUS Playwright—What is the outlook; will my play go?

Manager—Worse than that. It's gone already and so have the audience

THE RULING PASSION.

SHIPWRECKED Sailor, (struggling in the water)—Ahoy there, partner; lend me a hand here will you?

Shipwrecked Millionaire (clinging to spar)—I'll be glad to make you that loan, stranger, if you will furnish me with good real estate security.

DIDN'T SUIT.

IT had been anything but an easy afternoon for the teacher who took six of her pupils through the Museum of Natural History, but their enthusiastic interest in the stuffed animals and their open-eyed wonder at the prehistoric fossils amply repaid her.

"Well, boys, where have you been all afternoon?" asked the father of two of the party that evening.

The answer came back with joyous promptness: "Oh, Pop! Teacher took us to a dead circus."

SHOP TALK BY THE EDITOR

CONCERNING RELIGION

THE first of Dr. Shailer Mathews' papers on "The Modern Man and The Gospel" will be published in the May number of CANADA-WEST. The deep interest created by the announcement of this series has continued to grow. We select from the letters on the subject the following extracts and we intend while the articles are running, to print such communications in regard to them as seem to us especially liable to interest you—our readers. This first extract ends with a question. How would you answer it?

"If we consider religion as a matter of church-going we can hardly claim that the modern man is as religious as his forbears. Even the modern woman, though a more regular attendant at the Sunday service than her husband or her brother or her father, does not, generally speaking, make her church-going as prominent a factor in her life as her grandmother was wont to do. But in my opinion it does not follow that the interest in religion is lessening. Isn't it rather that the churches of the present day lack some element that they possessed in the days of our forefathers and that the modern man and woman, failing to find there any satisfying of their religious craving, are ceasing to attend?"

The writer of the second letter has a different view.

"The tendency of the age is toward materialism—no thinking person can doubt that. Children to-day imbibe the idea that wealth and position are the things to be achieved. They are growing up more materialistic than their parents. Even the philanthropy of the day is a matter of calculation; the good of the community requires that some relief be afforded the unfortunate members of society. It is not akin to the charity founded on Christian love that our fathers practised."

The third extract is typical of the majority of the letters received.

"I agree entirely with the spirit of the recent editorial in which you brought up the question of the attitude of the modern man toward religion. I believe there was never a time when there was a deeper interest in the matter of an overruling Providence and a future life than there is right now. We *talk* more about other things but we do not *think* more about them. I am very glad that CANADA-WEST is going to publish some articles on the subject."

In our opinion that sentence, "We *talk* more about other things but we do not *think* more about them," is very true. Is it in your opinion?

FROM A LIFE DRAWING BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

ARTHUR STRINGER

A CANADIAN POET

ALL those who have the love of poetry in them will welcome the new volume by Arthur Stringer, "The Woman in the Rain and Other Poems;" and those who take a pride in any notable achievement by a fellow Canadian will give it an additional welcome. The author was born in Canada, educated at the University of Toronto and the University of Oxford and began his literary career as a journalist in Montreal.

Mr. Stringer is well known on both sides of the line for the excellent fiction he has written, but it is as a poet that he has gained his greatest fame, and this his latest book exceeds in value anything he has previously done. His verse shows a remarkable feeling for beauty and a great gift of expression. "The Woman in the Rain" the poem from which the volume takes its name, is most striking in the depth and intensity of its tone as are many of the others, notably "The Passing of Aphrodite"

and the poetical drama, "Sappho in Leucadia." His sympathy with childhood is shown in the very beautiful "Death and a Child" and "On a Child's Portrait."

The poem "Sleep and Death" which appeared in the February CANADA-WEST and the "Morning in The Northwest" which we publish this month are both taken from the new volume and will serve better than any descriptive words to show the charm of Mr. Stringer's verse.

THE SETON EXPEDITION

MR. Ernest Thompson Seton, according to the historical records, is the fifth man to lead an expedition into that part of the northwest known as the Barren Lands. The first was Samuel Hearne who went up there in 1771; Sir George Black followed in 1833; Stewart and Anderson in 1855; Warburton Pike in 1887 and E. Thompson Seton in 1907.

Mr. Seton found the so-called "barren lands" anything but barren. On the contrary they are covered with vegetation and beautiful flowers. The fact that there are few trees is probably responsible for the misleading name.

Among the great numbers of wild animals that the party saw was a herd of buffalo—probably the only wild herd in existence. The Government has taken steps looking to the preservation of these buffaloes. They are to be herded into a reserve and put under the protection of the Mounted Police.

Mr. Seton's article, "The White Man's Last Opportunity," which is to appear in the April CANADA-WEST sheds much light upon that little-known land, the new northwest.

"THE RECLAMATION OF CASS."

MR. Elliott Flower, the well-known novelist, author of "The Spoilsman," "Delightful Dodd," "Slaves of of Success," etc. is to have a story in the next issue of CANADA-WEST—a humorous story of a camping party—called "The Reclamation of Cass." This is one of the best things Mr. Flower has done and the illustrations by Mr. Frederick Noteware are very spirited and clever and quite worthy of the text. Other stories by Mr. Flower will follow.

FROM OUR LETTERS.

WE know that this interests you as much as it does us and we quote without apology. The letter was written by Miss Mae Harris Anson, who is well know as journalist and author and whose praise or blame counts for much in the magazine world. She says:

"When you began to publish CANADA-WEST I looked first for the fiction features, the stories that make other magazines. In the year that has passed I have come to know Canada of the West better and now I let the fiction wait until I have read everything that bears upon the country for which you are working. And so CANADA-WEST, the magazine, grows and grows and grows upon me with each issue. The last number is fuller of the things that count to me now—stories of the vast changes in Canada and its innumerable prospects—than any issue I can recall. If I were not trying to keep to the literal truth I should say it is the best number in that respect that you have published. It really seems so to me but of course the other numbers are not quite so fresh in my mind and I do not want to make a statement that I am not sure of.

"As far as fiction and other features are concerned you are advancing your standard every month and the magazine from beginning to end is fully five hundred per cent. better than it was a year ago."

Remember that we are just as ready to hear the other side. If you can suggest improvements in CANADA-WEST write to us.

The Editor.